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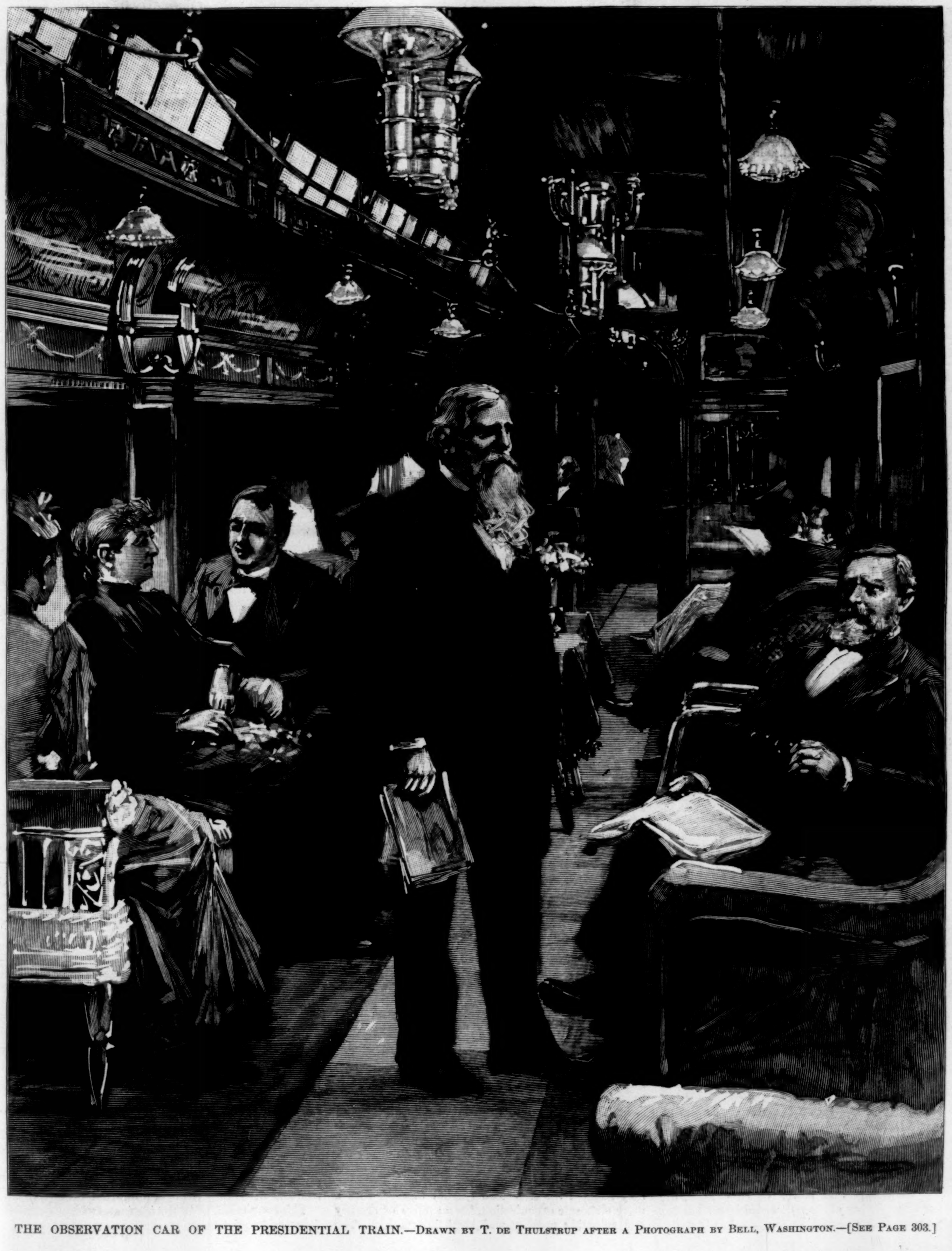

THE OBSERVATION CAR OF THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after a Photograph by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 303.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

ARTICLES.

THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON. First Paper. By A. T. Quiller Couch. Thirty-three Illustrations by Alfred Parsons.

THE ARGENTINE PEOPLE AND THEIR RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS. By Bishop J. M. Walden.

ROMAN LONDON. By Eugene Lawrence. Fifteen Illustrations by H. D. Nichols.

THE SALVATION ARMY. By the Venerable F. W. Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster.

SOME AMERICAN RIDERS. First Paper. By Colonel T. A. Dodge, U.S.A. With illustrations from paintings by Frederic Remington.

THE ENGLISH ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON. By Moncure D. Conway. Illustrations drawn by H. D. Nichols.

THE REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY. By Theodore Child. With fifteen illustrations by T. de Thulstrup, Harry Fenn, and H. D. Nichols.

OVER JOHNSON'S GRAVE. A Causerie. By Walter Besant.

STORIES.

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY. Part V. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley. —WESSEX FOLK. Part III. By Thomas Hardy. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.—A BATCH OF BREAD AND A PUDDING. By A. B. Ward.—FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY. By Caroline Earl White.

POEMS.

MORTALITY. By W. D. Howells.—GOLDEN BUBBLES. By Robert Burns Wilson.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS—Conducted, as usual, by George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING THE SECOND ILLUSTRATED PAPER ON GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

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GREATER NEW YORK.

THE question of a greater New York is brought into general discussion by the bill which has been introduced into the Legislature, authorizing the Commission of Inquiry to frame an act including Brooklyn, Staten Island, and part of Westchester within the municipality of New York. It is a question of great importance, but the matter has been brought to the present point without much debate, and without any indication of a general or decisive opinion upon the subject. This fact, of course, is not an argument against the proposed consolidation; but it throws upon its advocates the necessity of stating the reasons which have led them to favor it, and the New York *Times* recently presented the case for the consolidation. It is, in brief, that the numerical increase of the population within the city limits requires it. The *Times* publishes an interesting comparative table showing number of persons per acre in the cities of London, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York, by which it appears that New York is now six times more crowded than London, throughout its entire area, and that if the entire area of New York were settled with the average density of London, its population would be less than 300,000. Moreover, there remain but 12,317 acres on which New York can expand, and if perfect transit should enable them to be peopled with the density of London, they would accommodate less than the growth of one New York ward since the last census. In fine, New York is now full, with no allowance for future demands, and "it is an abhorrent hypothesis that New York should stop growing."

New York will not stop growing, and for a reason stated by the *Times*, that its "commercial supremacy is impregnable." But it is not its numerical supremacy which has produced its commercial supremacy. It is the natural and improved advantages of position and of communication which have done that. The numerical supremacy of New York is not due to the extent of its municipality, but to causes arising from its situation and its improvement. The same causes will continue to draw population to the city as a centre, so that if the municipal government of New York should include only a million of persons, the population of New York would be really the population which is practically that of the city. The commercial advantage and power of New York, the prestige and primacy of the city, would be unchanged whether Brooklyn should be taken into the municipality or remain a separate city. The resident of Brooklyn feels himself to be a New-Yorker. The resident of Staten Island records himself as from New York. In effect, although one lives in Kings County and the other in Richmond County, they count themselves and are counted as units of the great population called New York. Their inclusion in the municipality would not bring either of those districts nearer to New York. It would not reduce the pressure upon the acreage of New York. It would not raise the wages of the lodger in the tenement-house, or provide him with any residence which is not equally open to him now. Bridges will be built to Brooklyn, and improved communication will be opened to Staten Island, not because they may or may not be included in the municipality of New York, but for the reason that the pressure on the island compels residence in the neighborhood.

It is an illusion of words to suppose that New York is declining because Manhattan Island has reached or will soon reach its capacity of accommodation. If the municipality had been limited to the area below Union Square, is it supposed that the growth of New York, in the true sense of the words, would have been arrested? Its largest capitalists might have lived in the upper part of the island, its great manufacturing plants might have been without the lines of the municipality, but New York would have included them all. If transit is difficult on Manhattan Island, if new plants must find a place elsewhere than between the rivers, will the streets be cleared by the annexation of Brooklyn, or the territory of Staten Island be brought nearer by inclusion in the municipality? The primacy of New York among American cities does not depend upon the numerical superiority of its municipality. The question of consolidation comes really, therefore, to a question of "economics and excellencies of municipal administration." Here we are inclined to agree with the *Times*. The population of Manhattan Island and the adjacent neighborhood constitutes New York, and the experience of other municipal consolidations favors the conclusion that "patched and piecemeal jurisdiction" is not desirable for a community which is virtually one. But the problem of municipal administration, which has thus far baffled even American political sagacity, will not be settled by enlarging the sphere of patronage and the opportunities of jobbery. Undoubtedly great local advantages have followed the northern extension of the city, but it is equally true that the evils of the municipal system have kept pace with them, if they have not surpassed them. The tendency, undoubtedly, is toward consolidation; that is to say, its advocates are active and positive, and there is little decided opposition.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN NEW YORK.

THE university extension bill has passed both Houses at Albany, and there seems to be no reason to doubt its approval by the Governor. The bill was amended somewhat in committee, but not in an unfriendly spirit. The evident purpose of the amendments was to secure a local initiative, and to limit precisely the scope of the expenditure of the appropriation. The amendment to the first section of the bill authorizes the Regents of the University to give their co-operation to any locality, organization, or association by recommending methods, designating suitable instructors, conducting examinations, and issuing certificates, and in any other proper manner. The amendment to the second section provides that no part of the appropriation shall be expended for paying the expenses of lecturers, as the object of the appropriation is the benefit of the localities concerned. The money is to be devoted to the other necessary expenses. These amendments do not conflict with the general purpose of the bill as stated by the Regents:

> "University extension, as contemplated by the Regents of the University, means extension to the people at large, adults as well as youths, of the best obtainable opportunities for education—to accomplish, as nearly as may be, universal education under the most trustworthy and useful guidance and instruction which the State affords. It will aim to supplement the facilities of our existing school system by stimulating and directing the formation of local associations for study and culture among those whom lack of means or exacting occupations, and specially those whom maturity of years prevent from regular attendance at schools and colleges."

As the New York *World* well says, the lyceum lecture system in this country twenty years ago was really the germ of university extension. That system was a weekly address in many of the most important points of the country upon some moral or literary or historic subject by men of distinction. It proved to be, in fact, a public school of political ethics, which was an influential force in training and stimulating the public mind upon the absorbing question of the time. The readiness and activity of the American mind welcome and facilitate such training, and easily accommodate themselves to its conditions. In England, as the *World* suggests, they adopted the American lyceum method, with a more elaborate organization, for a system of literary and scientific popular and local instruction. The system includes courses of lectures by acknowledged experts, courses of reading and study, followed by examinations and certificates, but without other expenses than those of lecturers, rooms, etc. It is not, however, a scheme for the promotion of superficial study nor for cheapening degrees. It is not a school for professional training in any branch, but for the diffusion of information. It is an extension of the university, but only of that part of the university which can be extended. The advantages of residence at a college, and of constant devotion to study in the college atmosphere, are not the province of the system.

University extension is designed for the great multitude of those who cannot go to college, but who are yet desirous of as much of the benefit of the college as can be procured at home. The desire of this kind of study is a striking sign of the time. The remarkable development of the university extension system in England, the whole system of "correspondence university," of associations for organizing schemes of reading and study directed from a common centre, the Chautauqua circles, and the university extension movement in the city of New York and in Philadelphia, all show the tendency. The bill authorizes the Regents of the University, who are the agency of the State for the interests of higher education, to promote the new system in New York. In the good work they should have the efficient co-operation of the colleges of the State. At the hearing before the committee many of the most eminent presidents of colleges appeared, to express not only their hearty approval, but to engage their aid. They know that while university extension cannot do all that the college does, it reaches the great host who cannot reach the college, while the general culture and encouragement of study which it supplies greatly stimulate general interest in the higher education which is the sphere of the colleges, and strengthen their hold upon public confidence and support.

THE ROYAL LABOR COMMISSION.

THE appointment of the Royal Commission on Labor in England is an event of great interest. It is not only a sign of wise determination not to assume that there is no question, but the composition of the commission indicates a desire that the question shall be treated by a body of the ablest representative men in the kingdom. It is, indeed, alleged that the number and ability of the commissioners will perplex their work. But as their work is investigation and not the adoption of a scheme, neither the ability nor the numbers are likely to produce mischief. Lord Hartington is chairman, and, with Lord Derby, he is a good representative of the great hereditary landowner. Mr. Mundella and Mr. Leonard Courtney are public men of great experience and of liberal instincts, Mr. Mundella especially being very familiar with the labor question and interest. There are also well-known directors of great and various mechanical and manufacturing and commercial companies and industries, and Mr. Jesse Collings, the especial advocate of the agricultural laborers. With these are eminent university professors of economics and jurisprudence, and Mr. Thomas Mann, president of the Dockers' Union and organizer of strikes. There are twenty-seven commissioners in all. Mr. McCarthy was asked to name a member, and he suggested Michael Davitt, and was angry that Mr. Davitt was not appointed. It is not clear why he was not. If he is an Irish agitator, Mr. Mann is a labor agitator, and it would be of great advantage to bring the two interests of labor and capital personally face to face.

The appointment of the commission and its composition belong to the wise statesmanship which deals with facts and not theories. To insist that there is no labor question is like insisting that there is no Irish question. Englishmen point out that Ireland is governed very much as England is; that Mr. Balfour pursues a firm but not unfriendly course; that tenants ought to pay rent or leave the farm; and that England does much more to take care of the Irishman than of the Englishman. But the Englishman who says this is often blind to the real cause of Irish discontent, which is, that England will not allow Ireland to take care of herself. The difficulty is of a kind which England especially ought to understand, because no country would reject more energetically than England the supervision of another people, or tolerate with less patience the plea of that people that under the paternal care of Scotchmen, for instance, Englishmen ought to be content. In the same way it is a dull statesmanship which holds that there cannot be any real labor question because of the great law of supply and demand. If a laborer is not satisfied, he is a free agent and can go elsewhere. This is not an answer to those who feel that practically they are not free agents; that the vast combination and organization of capital is a tyranny as heartless and crushing as that of an absolute monarch; and that organized labor must take care of itself, and is infinitely stronger than what it calls its foe.

This conviction, in an age of general education, suffrage, and co-operation, presents a new situation. It will not be satisfied with what it regards as starvation under the great law of demand and supply, until it is evident either that starvation is not the alternative or that it is necessary. The appointment of the commission is the earnest of a thorough and sincere inquiry, the results of which will be interesting and authoritative for labor, because labor cannot make such inquiries for itself. But, still more, the inquiry will be serviceable because it is the sign of a reasonable and friendly spirit, and not of the mere defiance and hostility which seemed to be the tone of the government in England seventy years ago. The discontents were then acute and criminal, and it was necessary to keep the peace and enforce law. There is no such situation now, but there is a general and wider organization of labor, a more universal discussion, and a growing consciousness of power. The appointment of the commission is wise, because it shows superiority to the ostrich statesmanship which sees nothing because it shuts its eyes.

THE COPYRIGHT DINNER.

The congratulatory dinner of the Authors' Copyright League was a very natural expression of satisfaction with the passage of the bill, which, as Mr. Lowell said, acknowledges the principle for which the league has contended. The presence of the chief guests of the evening, Senator Platt and the Representatives in Congress who secured the passage of the bill, and Count Keratry, who had hastened to this country from France to bring the felicitations of a sister republic, gave peculiar interest to the occasion. Mr. Stedman, as a representative man of letters, presided happily in Mr. Lowell's absence, and there were many speeches.

The tone of the speaking was one of congratulation upon a moral victory; but there was no concealment of the truth that the bill was a compromise, but a compromise which had not sacrificed the essential principle. Senator Platt, who was the skilful guide of the bill through the Senate, thought that the English or other foreign author ought to be satisfied if he were placed practically upon an equality with the American author. However that may be, the way to copyright is certainly open to him if he chooses to avail himself of the conditions.

Mr. McAdoo, of New Jersey, said that he regarded the bill as the most important that passed at the last session. Mr. Lodge said that the great central principle had been carried, and that the law would remain; and Mr. Stedman held its passage to be another illustration that right makes might. Mr. Putnam spoke for the publishers, and no one could have a better right than the son of his father; and Mr. Johnson, who has been decorated by the French government, acknowledged gracefully the tributes paid to him by the members of Congress as the efficient agent of the Authors' League in securing the passage of the bill. It was an evening of sincere satisfaction in a memorable event—the victory, as Senator Hoar said in his letter, of copyright over copywrong.

THE CITIZENS AND THE STREETS.

The admirable report of the advisory committee upon street-cleaning in the city of New York has been followed by a visit to the Mayor of a great number of the most prominent citizens of the city, who presented an address engaging, with the Mayor's approval, to establish and maintain for a year, without cost to the city, a bureau of information concerning all matters of street cleanliness. A Street-cleaning Aid Society has been formed also, the members of which pledge themselves in specific details to keep the sidewalks in front of their residences swept and free from rubbish, and to report at the office of the society all negligence which they observe in the care of the streets.

It was an exceedingly imposing demonstration, and an illustration of public spirit which is very unusual in New York. The Mayor was probably surprised by such an impressive visit, which showed a disposition to insist upon some matters which another kind of influence and counsel has hitherto controlled. He said that while he meant to do all that he could do, there were yet some difficulties which the committee might not have considered. The report of the commission, he was sure, would do more good than could now be calculated, and he hoped soon to make definite announcements which would gratify the community.

The general plan of the citizens who waited upon the Mayor is to ask authority from the Legislature for the Board of Estimate to make arrangements to carry into immediate effect the recommendations of the advisory committee. These are simple, and would doubtless prove to be effective, but they contemplate a radical change in the traditional methods of city labor not unlike that which Secretary Tracy is preparing for labor in the navy-yards. The change, however, consists merely in the adoption of business methods of doing business. The visit to the Mayor was a very interesting sign of the times.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

The President's tour across the continent, which will carry him through a part of the Southern States, may be easily of good service. It is not impossible that it has some political purpose, and it is very certain that it will have a political result. It will test the feeling of the region through which he passes. A general and cordial welcome to the President of the United States would show a patriotic feeling of the best augury, and all the more because the President is the official chief of a party to which a very large part of the more intelligent population of the Southern States is hostile.

As a measure of personal political advantage such a trip is always of doubtful value. Unless a President has a personal attraction of manner—the quality which was so marked in Henry Clay—it is very doubtful whether he commends himself personally to those who see him and offer their respect to the Chief Magistrate. If it be surmised that his trip is an electioneering tour, he must have a "magnetic" address to prevent it from becoming injurious to him. Poor Andrew Johnson, swinging around the circle and carrying the Constitution with him, is an awful warning to all Presidents who have not a distinct personal ascendency.

From such a trip the President, of course, can gain but a glimpse of the country through which he travels, and a mere superficial impression of everything that he sees. But his courteous reception as the constitutional President will tend to soften harshness of preconception, and the tone of kindly response in which he will naturally acknowledge his welcome will perhaps suggest the wisdom of a similar tone of feeling in estimating the views and feelings of those whom he addresses. The fact that the President does not travel as a partisan, but as the Chief Magistrate of the whole country, ought to be of benefit as reminding him that although under the party system he inevitably holds the general views of a party, he may hold them without offensive partisanship. "He serves his party best who serves his country most." The President will be attended upon his journey by universal good-will. If he is going to see the country, the country will also see him.

AN HONORABLE AMENDE.

The issue last year of Captain Charles King's *Campaigning with Crook* by the Messrs. Harper occasioned a controversy, growing out of certain statements in the book reflecting upon the character of Mr. R. B. Davenport, referred to as "Mr. D., correspondent of the New York *Herald*," and the book was withdrawn from publication. The publication herewith of Captain King's letter, fully retracting and apologizing for these charges, brings the controversy to an end, being, as we understand, entirely satisfactory to Mr. Davenport; and the Messrs. Harper accordingly announce that they will promptly resume the publication of Captain King's book, for which there has been an urgent demand, excluding the statements complained of, and substituting therefor new material.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *January* 30, 1891.

To Reuben B. Davenport, New Haven, Conn.:

The controversy resulting from the publication of my work on the Sioux campaign of 1876 has brought to my attention facts unknown to me at the time that work was written. Though what I said of you in that work was said in good faith, and upon what I then believed to be sufficient evidence, I am now satisfied that I did you a great injustice. It is only by accident that I have this week come upon evidence in your favor which totally alters every opinion I had hitherto formed of your conduct at the affair of Slim Buttes and elsewhere. I wrote to you in October last, saying that if I found my authorities unable to substantiate all they once alleged, I would tender you every *amende* in my power, and this I now hasten to do.

It was on the authority of many officers and soldiers that, in writing home three years after the campaign, I referred to a certain correspondent, Mr. D., as "a desperate coward," and as witnessing Mills's morning attack on the Indian village in a state of "abject terror." I wrote without the faintest malice, but in implicit faith in the truth of every word. For fourteen years I believed it unreservedly, and might have gone on believing it to my dying day but for the republication of the sketches last fall, and the resultant controversy.

I now desire publicly to retract that allegation—to retract it utterly, both in letter and in spirit. I desire to say that I now believe that exhaustion and illness prevented your joining in the fight with Colonel Mills, and that once in the village, and although, as you say, merely a newspaper correspondent, you took your place in the foremost line of rifle-pits, ready to do your share in holding the position. I desire to say that I have the testimony of Captain Charles Morton, Third Cavalry, to the effect that you rode by his side on the fighting line at a previous affair—the Rosebud, June 17th—and bore yourself with coolness and bravery. I desire to say that in this matter of your personal courage I believe you to have been utterly misjudged, and that in deep and sincere regret for my own share in the matter I shall do far more to correct the wrong impression in the future than I have done to circulate it in the past.

As to the other unfavorable references to you in my pages, I mean to obliterate them entirely, believing this to be only just, in view of the wrong I have unintentionally done you all these years. And now, sir, having retracted as fully as I know how, there remains but one thing more. The comrades—and indeed some of your own cloth—who protested against any such action on my part have not seen the letters I have seen within the past week. In spite of their protests, in spite of the protests of gentlemen who have read your references to me in the press, in spite of those references themselves, I say to you that I am thankful for the opportunity of making an *amende* due as much to my own honor as to yours, and finally to say that for the wrong I did in referring to you as and believing you a coward, I sincerely ask your pardon.

[Signed] Charles King,
Captain United States Army.

REFORM IN THE INDIAN SERVICE.

The President, before leaving upon his journey, directed that a portion of the Indian service be placed under the civil service rules. The order applies to superintendents of schools, teachers, matrons, assistants, and farmers—about six hundred employés in all. The matter was decided after careful conference with the commissioners, who will prepare the rules immediately. This is the first extension of the rules by the President, and the desirability of such action has been urgently called to his attention. The National Reform League, in 1888, under the Cleveland administration, the Indian Commissioners, and the Cambridge Association, a few months since, earnestly recommended the extension, and Mr. Herbert Welsh's paper in *Scribner's Magazine* was a conclusive argument for it.

The President's order and the action of the Secretary of the Navy in regard to labor in the navy-yards are fulfilments of the pledges of the Republican platform, of which hitherto there has not seemed to be much prospect, but which will be cordially acknowledged by every friend of reform. The President is understood to have felt aggrieved by the censures passed upon his course in regard to the civil service. But upon reflection he would hardly find that censure to be unjust. For, except the appointment of the excellent Civil Service Commission, in what particular, during the two years of his administration, has he fulfilled his pledges? We ask the question not at all to depreciate the present act, but to remind those who think that civil service reformers are unreasonably hostile to the President that they would have gladly acknowledged and appreciated any such action at any earlier period of the administration.

The impatience of many Republicans with the friends of reform is like that of the Democrats under the late administration. But in their cooler moments such Republicans would admit that if the last administration was properly described by the league as not a civil service reform administration, the league would have been justly a laughing-stock if at any time during the last two years it had declared that the administration had kept the reform pledges of its party. Every friend of good government will rejoice in the President's action, and no one can note the recent report of the Mayor's commission in this city, and Secretary Tracy's adoption of the labor registry, and the President's extension of the rules to part of the Indian service, without seeing how surely and steadily the reform proceeds and commends itself to public approval.

MR. BLAINE'S LATEST LETTER.

The latest letter of Secretary Blaine to the Italian government is entirely courteous, candid, and conclusive. It points out the inconsistency between the original demand of Italy and the subsequent statement of the demand, and shows, by citing the words of the Secretary's first letter, that he made no acknowledgment that an indemnity was due, but only that the United States have recognized the principle of indemnity to persons who may have been wronged by violation of rights secured by treaty. This, however, implies inquiry and proof of such violation.

Secretary Blaine then cites in detail the case of the Spanish demand forty years ago, when an attack was made by the mob on the Spanish Consulate in New Orleans, and the United States declined to accede to the demand for indemnity, on the ground that the aggrieved foreign subjects, voluntarily resident in this country, had precisely the same means of redress that were open to our own citizens, with the right, if they are not citizens, of action in the United States courts if they prefer. The Secretary candidly states the circumstances of difference between the case of 1851 and that of 1891, and says that if the inquiry now proceeding should show that the case can be prosecuted only in the State courts of Louisiana, and prosecution is not instituted in those courts, which the United States cannot assume in advance, it will remain for the United States to consider whether some other form of redress may be asked. If it should appear that Italian subjects properly within our jurisdiction and within our peace had been injured in violation of the treaty, the President would feel that the case should be submitted to Congress.

The correspondence of Secretary Blaine throughout this case has been conducted in perfect temper, and with a lucidity of statement which leaves nothing to be desired. But the incident shows the necessity of a clearer expression in treaties of the kind of redress which we guarantee.

PERSONAL.

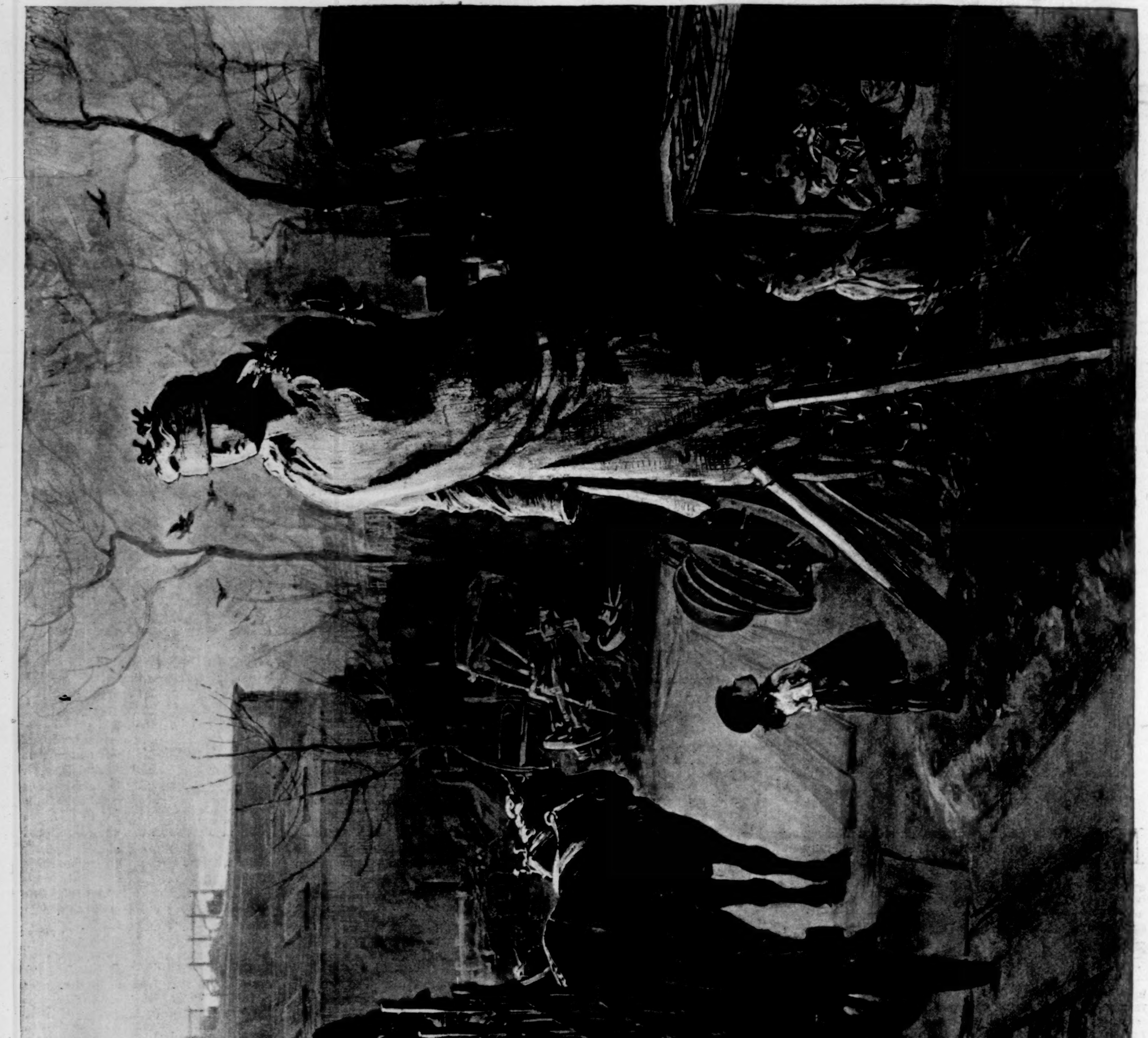
Every one who saw the bust of General Sherman by Augustus St. Gaudens at the spring Academy in 1888, and those who know his Admiral Farragut in Madison Square, will give a sigh of relief now that it is settled that he is to execute the Sherman statue for the city. The Farragut statue is a constant education, and teaches a daily lesson to every one who passes it; and it assures the public that the Sherman statue will be nobly done. Both the city and Mr. St. Gaudens are to be congratulated.

—Henry M. Stanley left this country last week for England, taking with him $110,000 as his compensation for the hundred lectures delivered between November 11th and April 4th.

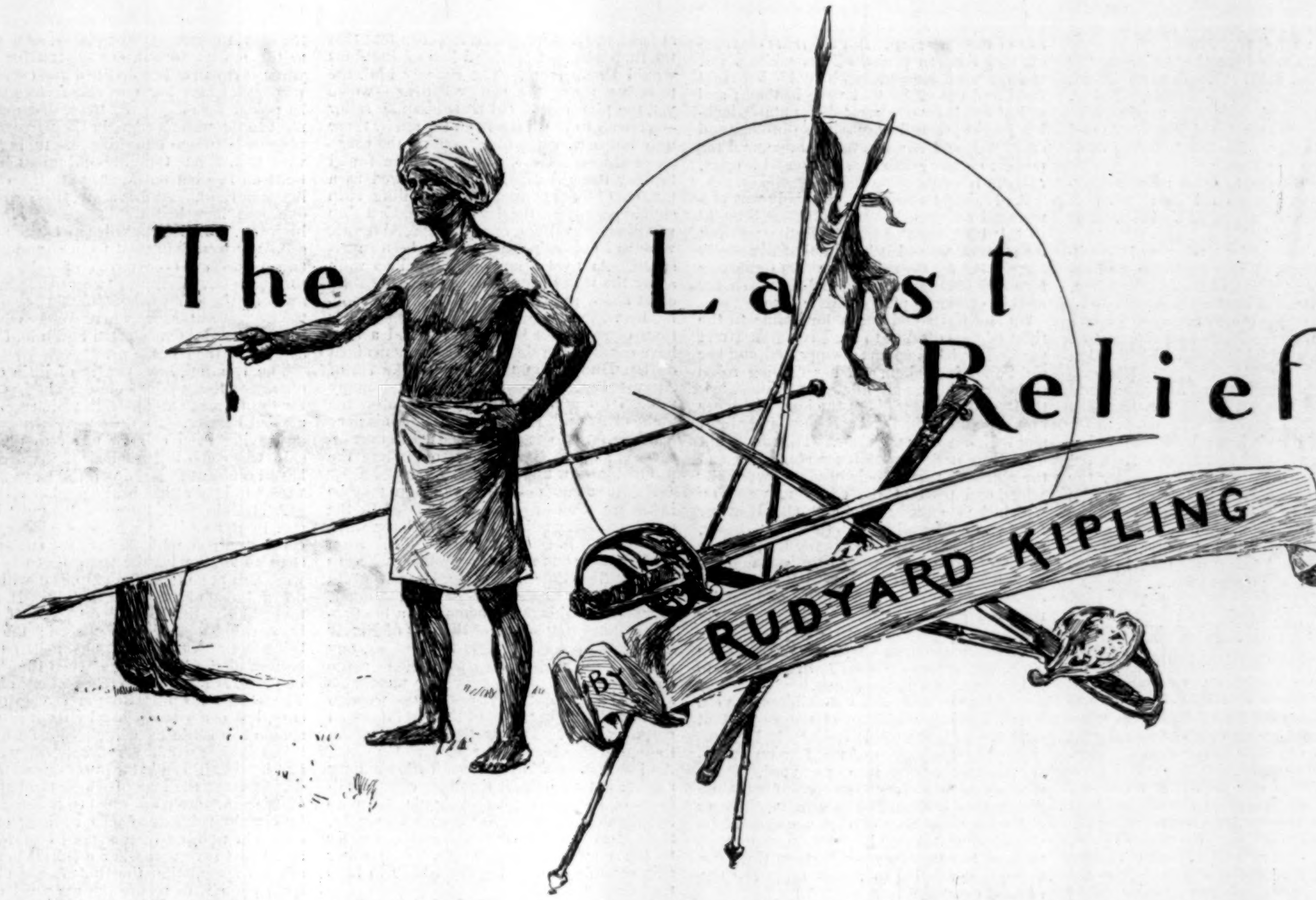
—A unique character in the Princeton College faculty is Joseph Korgé, Professor of Modern Languages. Adventure and experience of a rough nature have marked his life, the earlier part of which was spent in Europe. Coming from a family of Polish gentlemen who made arms their profession, he went into the German army soon after finishing his university education, and for a time was closely associated with Prince Frederick. Later on the Polish insurrection drew him into it, and made a longer residence within Russian dominions undesirable. So the ardent Pole came to this country, and won distinction in the Union army before he settled down as a pedagogue under the shadow of old Nassau.

—There are few sadder incidents than the death of Count Lewenhaupt at Wilmington, Delaware, hardly a fortnight after his marriage to Miss Ellen, one of the daughters of ex-Secretary Bayard. The young Count, although of a noble and wealthy family, came to this country not as a titled fortune-hunter, but to study naval architecture in its most practical bearings, and his progress was marked.

—The Manchester *Guardian* (England), speaking of General Lewal's "most interesting paper on the French army" in Harper's Magazine for April, says of its author that he "is one of the most distinguished figures of which the French army can boast. He has the practical experience of nearly fifty years' service. In 1884 the manœuvres of the Seventeenth Army Corps, of which he was commander, excited the admiration of the military world. From this high command he passed to the Ministry of War, in which he succeeded General Campenon. His great reputation rests perhaps as much on his writings as on his skill as a commander. Of all modern French writers on war he is the ablest, the most original, the most encyclopedic....No higher authority could have been found to write for the public at large on the French army."



THE MUNICIPAL BACK YARD AT THE FOOT OF RIVINGTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 302.]



The Last Relief

By Rudyard Kipling

> "He rode to death across the moor—
>   Oh, false to me and mine!
> But the naked ghost came to my door
>   And bade me tend the kine.
>
> "The naked ghost came to my door,
>   And flickered to and fro,
> And syne it whimpered through the crack
>   Wi' 'Jeanie, let me go.'"
>
> —OLD BALLAD.

NOTHING is easier than the administration of an empire so long as there is a supply of administrators. Nothing, on the other hand, is more difficult than short-handed administration. In India, where every man holding authority above a certain grade must be specially imported from England, this difficulty crops up at unexpected seasons. Then the great empire staggers along, like a North Sea fishing-smack, with a crew of two men and a boy, until a fresh supply of food for fever arrives from England, and the gaps are filled up. Some of the provinces are permanently short-handed, because their rulers know that if they give a man just a little more work than he can do, he contrives to do it. From the man's point of view this is wasteful, but it helps the empire forward, and flesh and blood are very cheap. The young men—and young men are always exacting—expect too much at the outset. They come to India desiring careers and money and a little success, and sometimes a wife. There is no limit to their desires, but in a few years it is explained to them by the sky above, the earth beneath, and the men around, that they are of far less importance than their work, and that it really does not concern themselves whether they live or die so long as that work continues. After they have learned this lesson, they become men worth consideration.

Many seasons ago the gods attacked the administration of the government of India in the heart of the hot season. They caused pestilences and famines, and killed the men who were deputed to deal with each pestilence and every famine. They rolled the small-pox across a desert, and it killed four Englishmen, one after the other, leaving thirty thousand square miles masterless for many days. They even caused the cholera to attack the reserve depots—the sanitaria in the Himalayas—where men were waiting on leave till their turn should come to go down into the heat. They killed men with sunstroke who otherwise might have lived for three months longer, and—this was mean—they caused a strong man to tumble from his horse and break his neck just when he was most needed. It will not be long, that is to say, five or six years will pass, before those who survived forget that season of tribulation, when they danced at Simla with wives who feared that they might be widows before the morning, and when the daily papers from the plains confined themselves entirely to one kind of domestic occurrence.

Only the supreme government never blanched. It sat upon the hill-tops of Simla among the pines, and called for returns and statements as usual. Sometimes it called to a dead man, but it always received the returns as soon as his successor could take his place.

Ricketts of Myndonie died, and was relieved by Carter. Carter was invalided home, but he worked to the last minute, and left no arrears. He was relieved by Morten-Holt, who was too young for the work. Holt died of sunstroke when the famine was in Myndonie. He was relieved by Damer, a man borrowed from another province, who did all he could, but broke down from overwork. Cromer, in London on a year's leave, was dragged out by telegram from the cool darkness of a Brompton flat to the white heat of Myndonie, and he held fast. That is the record of Myndonie alone.

On the Moonee Canal three men went down; in the Kahan district, when cholera was at its worst, three more. In the Divisional Court of Halimpur two good men were accounted for; and so the record ran, exclusive of the wives and little children. It was a great game of general post, with death in all the corners, and it drove the government to their wits' end to tide over the trouble till autumn should bring the new drafts.

The gods had no mercy, but the government and the men it employed had no fear. This annoyed the gods, who are immortal, for they perceived, that the men whose portion was death were greater than they. The gods are always troubled, even in their paradises, by this sense of inferiority. They know that it is so easy for themselves to be strong and cruel, and they are afraid of being laughed at. So they smote more furiously than ever, just as a swordsman slashes at a chain to prove the temper of his blade. The chain of men parted for an instant at the stroke, but it closed up again, and continued to drag the empire forward, and not one living link of it rang false or was weak. All desired life, and love, and the light, and liquor, and larks, but none the less they died without whimpering. Therefore the gods would have continued to slay them till this very day had not one man failed.

His name was Haydon, and being young, he looked for all that young men desire; most of all, he looked for love. He had been at work in the Girdhauri district for eleven months, till fever and pressure had shaken his nerve more than he knew. At last he had taken the holiday that was his right—the holiday for which he had saved up one month a year for three years past. Keyte, a junior, relieved him one hot afternoon. Haydon shut his ink-stained office box, packed himself some thick clothes—he had been living in cotton ducks for four months—gave his files of sweat-dotted papers, saw Keyte slide a piece of blotting-paper between the naked arm and the desk, and left that parched station of roaring dust storms for Simla and the cool of the snows. There he found rest, and the pink blotches of prickly heat faded from his body, and being idle, he went a-courting without knowing it. After a decent interval he found himself drifting very gently along the road that leads to the church, and a pretty girl helped him. He enjoyed his meals, was free from the intolerable strain of bodily discomfort, and as he looked from Simla upon the torment of the silver-wrapped plains below, laughed to think he had escaped honorably, and could talk prettily to a pretty girl, who, he felt sure, would in a little time answer an important question as it should be answered.

But out of natural perversity and an inferior physique, Keyte, at Girdhauri, one evening laid his head upon his table and never lifted it up again, and news was flashed up to Simla that the district of Girdhauri called for a new head. It never occurred to Haydon that he would be in any way concerned. till Hamerton, a secretary of the government, stopped him on the Mall, and said:

"I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to drop your leave and go back to Girdhauri. You see Keyte's dead, and—and we have no one else to send except yourself. The roster's a very short one this season, and you look much better than when you came up. Of course I'll do all I can to spare you, but I'm afraid—I'm very much afraid—that you will have to go down."

The government, on the other hand, was not in the least afraid. It was quite certain that Haydon must go down. He was in moderately good health, had enjoyed nearly a month's holiday, and the needs of the state were urgent. Let him, they said, return to his work at Girdhauri. He must forego his leave, but some time, in the years to come, the government might repay him the lost months, if it were not too short-handed. In the mean time he would return to duty.

The assistants in the *hara-kiri* of Japan are all intimate friends of the man who must die. They like him immensely, and they bring him the news of his doom with polite sorrow. But he must die, for that is required of him.

Hamerton would have spared Haydon had it been possible, but, indeed, he was the healthiest man in the ranks, and he knew the district. "You will go down to-morrow," said Hamerton. "The regular notification will appear in the *Gazette* later on. We can't stand on forms this year."

Haydon said nothing, because those who govern India obey the law. He looked—it was evening—at the line of the sun-flushed snows forty miles to the east, and the palpitating heat haze of the plains fifty miles to the west, and his heart sank. He wished to stay in Simla to continue his wooing, and he knew too well the torments that were in store for him in Girdhauri. His nerve was broken. The coolness, the dances, the dinners that were to come, the scent of the Simla pines and the wood smoke, the canter of horses' feet on the crowded Mall, turned his heart to water. He could have wept passionately, like a little child, for his lost holiday and his lost love, and, like a little child balked of its play, he became filled with cheap spite that can only hurt the owner. The men at the club were sorry for him, but he did not want to be condoled with. He was angry and afraid. Though he recognized the necessity of the injustice that had been done to him, he conceived that it could all be put right by yet another injustice, and then—and then somebody else would have to do his work, for he would be out of it forever.

He reflected on this while he was hurrying down the hill-sides, after a last interview with the pretty girl, to whom he had said nothing that was not commonplace and inconclusive. This last failure made him the more angry with himself, and the spite and the rage increased. The air grew warmer and warmer as the cart rattled down the mountain road, till at last the hot, stale stillness of the plains closed over his head like heated oil, and he gasped for breath among the dry date-palms at Kalka. Then came the long level ride into Umballa; the stench of dust which breeds despair; the lime-washed walls of Umballa station, hot to the hand though it was eleven at night; the greasy, rancid meal served by the sweating servants; the badly trimmed lamps in the oven-like waiting-room; and the whining of innumerable mosquitoes. That night, he remembered, there would be a dance at Simla. He was a very weak man.

That night Hamerton sat at work till late in the old Simla Foreign Office, which was a rambling collection of match-boxes packed away in a dark by-path under the pines. One of the wandering storms that run before the regular breaking of the monsoon had wrapped Simla in white mist. The rain was roaring on the shingled, tin-patched roof, and the thunder rolled to and fro among the hills as a ship rolls in the seaways. Hamerton called for a lamp and a fire to drive out the smell of mould and forest undergrowth that crept in from the woods. The clerks and secretaries had left the office two hours ago, and there remained only one native orderly, who set the lamp and went away. Hamerton returned to his papers, and the voice of the rain rose and fell. In the pauses he could catch the crunching of 'rickshaw wheels and the clatter of horses' feet going to the dance at the Viceroy's. These ceased at last, and the rain with them. The thunder drew off, muttering, toward the plains, and all the dripping pine-trees sighed with relief.

"Orderly," said Hamerton. He fancied that he heard somebody moving about the rooms. There was no answer, except a deep-drawn breath at the door. It might come from a panther prowling about the verandas in search of a pet dog, but panthers generally snuffed in a deeper key. This was a thick, gasping breath, as of one who had been running swiftly, or lay in deadly pain. Hamerton listened again. There certainly was somebody moving about the Foreign Office. He could hear boards creaking in far-off rooms, and uncertain steps on the rickety staircase. Since the clock marked close upon midnight, no one had a right to be in the office. Hamerton had picked up the lamp, and was going to make a search, when the steps and the heavy breathing came to the door again, and staid.

"Who's there?" said Hamerton. "Come in."

Again the heavy breathing, and a thick, short cough.

"Who relieves Haydon?" said a voice outside. "Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. He can't go till he is relieved. Who relieves Haydon?"

Hamerton dashed to the door and opened it, to find a stolid messenger from the telegraph office, breathing through his nose, after the manner of natives. The man held out a telegram. "I could not find the room at first," he said. "Is there an answer?"

The telegram was from the station-master at Umballa, and said: "Englishman killed; up mail 42; slipped from platform. Dying. Haydon. Civilian. Inform government."

"There is no answer," said Hamerton; and the man went away. But the fluttering whisper at the door continued:

"Haydon! Haydon! Who relieves Haydon? He must not go till he is relieved. Haydon! Haydon! Dying at Umballa. For pity's sake, be quick!"

Hamerton thought for a minute of the pitifully short roster of men available, and answered, quietly, "Flint, of Degauri." Then, and not till then, did the hair begin to rise on his head; and Hamerton, secretary to government, neglecting the lamp and the papers, went out very quickly from the Foreign Office into the cool wet night. His ears were tingling with the sound of a dry death-rattle, and he was afraid to continue his work.

Now only the gods know by whose design and intention Haydon had slipped from the dimly lighted Umballa platform under the wheels of the mail that was to take him back to his district; but since they lifted the pestilence on his death, we may assume that they had proved their authority over the minds of men, and found one man in India who was afraid of present pain.

THE CITY'S BACK YARD.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

If you have never been to the corporation yard on the lower east side, it is best to go down Rivington Street until you come within sight of the tall masts of the freight schooners at the East River docks. Then inquire of the children. It would be impossible to inquire of one child; for no sooner do you stop in Rivington Street, and look about you inquiringly, than a score of youngsters will be about you. Rivington Street, and its sidewalks as well, are covered with dust, and a thick mist of dust hangs in the air. The children rise from this dust. They are of all ages, from those hardly able to rise to those that amuse themselves by dashing up and down and dragging their feet for the sake of the great white cloud they will leave in their wake.

These children will shout and point as soon as they grasp what you are seeking. They will also accompany you, for they like to visit the municipal yard, and do go there on the slightest pretext.

Just now the chief attraction is a great pile of sand left there by the sewer department. This sand is capable of being changed under the skilful fingers of the children into all sorts of interesting upheavals—mounds, walls, fortifications. It is also a great pleasure to grub around in it, as dogs grub in the earth after making a pretence of having smelled a rat. The children pretend that there is something grand buried deep down in the moist, yielding pile, and dig and burrow until they grow excited, and begin to believe that their pretence is a reality.

But with the flock of children about you, you will pass along a low old brick wall, round a corner, and come upon a gate thrown wide open all day long. There is a pretty good chance that, as you and your escort enter, a family of chickens will come forward to meet you. This family knows better than to venture beyond the gate; but it has no fear so long as it is inside. There is a game-cock, with a waving tail and pretty good spurs, an impudent rooster, with a great terror of water-rats, which sneak about and march up and down outside the yard in great numbers. Then there is a fat light brown hen, with an amiable chuckle and a lazy walk. Just now there are half a dozen fluffy youngsters. The juvenile contingent was originally much larger; but at first the family ventured beyond the gate into the ground patrolled by the water-rats. The result was great casualties. The game-cock fled at the first sign of danger, and the stout light brown mother clucked helplessly. She gathered the remnant of her brood about her and retreated, to venture forth no more.

This amiable family, having satisfied itself that you are all right, will lead the way with much dignity. Their confidence will give courage to the pigeons, and they will join the procession, and coo along in front of the hen and cock, while the tame swallows will fly about your head. And the foreman of the yard will be equally glad to see you, and equally interested in seeing that you are well taken care of. But the children will desert you, and fly to the sand pile to shout and laugh and throw sand at the pigeons.

The Rivington Street municipal back yard is one of the three back yards into which the city of New York tosses all that wreck and ruin which from time to time encumber its streets. The city has another back yard for wreck and ruins of another kind; and although the Potter's Field is not generally counted and catalogued with the three, it might well be. But the three generally counted are not for "human warious." Rivington Street is not for "human warious"; it nevertheless is for things that speak nearly as plainly as dead faces staring up from cheap wooden boxes.

Just to the right as you enter there is a tall white thing—the statue of a woman. She was the Goddess Justice once, and, with blindfold eyes and stern face, stood upon the top of the City Hall. But the rains descended, and the sun peeled off her white paint, and the wind blew away bit by bit her right hand and the scales that were in them; and at last she became a most disreputable-looking Justice, so full of cracks, so broken and crumbled, and she was taken down, and the present copper goddess, with eyes wide open, rules in her stead.

And this old wooden, seamed lady was pronounced an encumbrance, and was brought to this back yard of the city. She was put up at auction, and it is said that somebody bought her for firewood. But the somebody forgot all about her, and spared her the shame of being hewn to pieces with an axe.

So she has stood for a long time to the right of the entrance to the Rivington Street yard. Her left arm has disappeared, and her right foot is broken, and her flowing robes and stern features are in a sad plight. Now the swallows flutter about the hole where her arm once hung, pigeons perch upon her head and look out over the river. They have put up a little barbed wire fence about her, and the chickens thrust their heads between the wires, and peck at the decaying wood on which she stands. If you look closely at her face, you will notice that there is a bitter, scornful look in it. This may be only the effect of the weather. Again, she may be thinking over a caustic little joke about the difference between Justice blind and Justice that can and does see. But as the other Justice is copper, she wouldn't mind the joke any more than she does the rain, even if she could hear the sour old lady down in noisy, dusty Rivington Street.

Besides the birds and the children, the old statue has other visitors at times—distant relatives, as it were. It frequently happens that when the wagon of the Bureau of Encumbrances comes into the yard, it has perched high in front the sign of some unfortunate cigar dealer—an Indian chief, or girl with a package of cigars extended invitingly. But these visitors soon go, no matter how battered they are, leaving their distinguished relative to reflect upon the sorrows of greatness.

It is a wonderful jumble of stuff that these wagons bring in for the inspection of the birds and the children. It represents misfortune and suffering of all kinds, as well as mere trivialities.

That wooden awning was taken down because it was against the law, and with its down-taking a blot disappeared. But that street stand was where some unfortunate sold his goods, until his business left him, and the stand became an encumbrance. This truck was left overnight in the street, and the owner will claim it. But the truck next to it stood unclaimed for months in an alley, where the owner had left it at night, to return for it in the morning. He never did return, and it was his means of making a living. Perhaps he lies in the field for human encumbrances while his truck stands here. There is a boot-black's stand and chair which may tell a similar story.

Once in a while the wagon brings a lot of stuff which is thrown in a heap among the odds and ends, and which speaks of instant misery. It represents all the household goods and chattels of some family which has been dispossessed for not paying its rent. There will be a rickety old bed, a wretched mattress or so, a chair or two, a stove perhaps, a bit of cheap and now utterly worn carpet. This means that some family, now adrift and homeless, has gone down, down, selling all that pawnbroker or junk dealer would buy, sinking to poverty, to starvation almost, and at last driven from even the semblance of home. And this pitiful heap will not be redeemed. In one of these heaps there was a broken cradle, a hobby-horse with the tail and the mane and the legs off, a chromo of the Virgin with a hole knocked in it, a worked motto "God bless our Home."

These things were all piled up with the chromo against the cradle, where it could be seen best. The children who play in the yard went wild over the hobby-horse, and one of them made off with it when the foreman was not looking; but the motto and the chromo were not disturbed. The birds and the chickens regarded them afar off. A rat gnawed the frame of the motto, and one morning the foreman found the "God Bless" eaten out. So for a month or more "Our Home" surmounted the little heap of rags and ruins.

Four times a year the contents of the yard are catalogued and sold. Here are a few items from the list at the last sale: three loads scaffolding, truck, hogshead and three barrels, log, abandoned furniture, swinging sign, three wooden shutters, tin awning, fruit stand, tar boiler, steam-drum, telegraph poles, beer sign, 1,714,000 feet of wire, two wooden horses and a door, large box, thirteen loads of brick, wheelbarrow, 14 barrels cement, load abandoned coal. Junk dealers attend these sales, and buy up a great bulk of stuff for a few dollars.

There is little of any value. All of it represents ruin or decay in some form. The yard is as democratic as a dump heap or an ash barrel. But it is an interesting place, with its great variety and suggestiveness, with the birds twittering, and the chickens clucking, and the children laughing, and the white blind goddess at the gate.

NOVA SCOTIA SHIP-BUILDING.

BY JOHN R. SPEARS.

For many years past, say for eighty-two at least, the seafaring man has been told that the time was soon coming when sailing ships would be no more. The shapely hull, the towering spars, the snowy canvas—worse yet, the picturesque old marline-spike sailor—were all to be driven from the sea by those ugly but serviceable black tramps, the cargo steam-ships. Few, if any, have been found to deny the assertion, and it followed as a matter of course that if the sailing ship should pass away, the day of the wooden ship was done as well, for, except in special trades, wooden steam-ships have already been superseded. And yet if any one will take a walk along the water-front of any of the Atlantic coast cities, and notably that of the metropolis, he will see more wooden sailing vessels than of any other kind, while could a man have counted the sloops and schooners afloat on the Hudson on the night of the 7th of August last, he would have found many more, I doubt not, than were there on the night of August 7, 1807, when Fulton's fiery monster sent so many wicked and superstitious sailors to their knees to implore the protection of a kind Father.

However much of sentiment there may be in the question of ships as discussed by the artist, the story-teller, or the legislator, ships will be built in this port or that, of this form or that, of one material or another, solely as the needle whose loadstone is cash profit points to this or that, the one or the other. It would, I think, have taken but a brief sojourn about the waters of the Bay of Fundy during the season of 1890 to convince any one that, no matter how serviceable cargo steamers may be, very many ship merchants still find the profit they seek in the wooden walls and bellying sails of the old-fashioned cargo carriers. It was the busiest season known in that locality for perhaps ten years. As illustrating what is there called a busy season, it may be said that between the villages of Parrsborough and Apple River no less than eighteen vessels were on the stocks, their sizes varying from the 80-ton coaster to the mammoth square-rigged deep-water ship capable of carrying from 2500 to 3000 tons dead weight.

The building of a wooden ship is not a very difficult problem in mechanics. As done in Nova Scotia it is really a simple matter, for in many yards the primitive methods employed at Boston and Gloucester and other New England ports two hundred years ago still prevail. The broadaxe, the handsaw, the adze, the auger, and the maul are still about the only tools used in shaping tree trunks into substantial ship hulls, although few, if any, fail to take advantage of the steam saw-mill in cutting out such parts as the planks and ceiling.

How the ship-owner makes a model representing the half of the hull of the proposed ship; how lines are drawn on this model representing each frame of the ship; how these lines are transferred to paper; and how the lines on paper are transferred to the smoothly planed floor of the second story of the storehouse in the ship-yard, and there enlarged to the full size of the frames to be used in the ship—need not be told, for the art is fully described in many works on naval architecture, but that work is the first done in building a ship in Nova Scotia, as elsewhere.

While a tidy draughtsman is thus engaged, the owner of the ship-yard will very likely be tramping over the Cobequid Mountains on snow-shoes; for while ships are built at all seasons, more are laid down in winter than at any other time. He carries an axe on his shoulder, and is accompanied by his boss woodsman, a man who usually knows every tree within twenty miles roundabout as an ordinary man knows the faces of his friends. The stories of how these men, while marking trees for use in the future ship, see traces of moose and bear and mink and marten—see the animals themselves—and even the "lucifer devil," would fill a sportsman at once with delight and unrest. Tiresome as snow-shoe tramping is as work for the uninterested, as recreation for one who loves the woods, few outings equal a walk through the forest with a boss woodsman in his search for "natural crooks" and other pieces of timber that will fit the form of a new ship.

Following the boss came the men with axes and ox teams to fell and trim the trees and drag the logs to the mill or the yard, according as they are to be shaped by the hand or the steam saw. At first acquaintance little or nothing would be noticed about these men to distinguish them from lumbermen in the Adirondacks or Michigan. But after a while the experienced sojourner among them would only have to shut his eyes to imagine himself at sea, with the watch at the pump, for they will be found dragging the crosscut-saw to and fro or swaying on a rope or chain to the rhythm of some old shanty chorus like "Hooray, Sante Anna," or "Away, Rio." Scarce a man of them all but has made a deep-water voyage, and many can pass a weather earring or steer a ship as skilfully as they swing an axe or guide a yoke of oxen.

In some yards—at Eatonville is an instance—many timbers are driven down mountain brooks by the aid of picturesque splash dams—dams in which, when water and logs enough are accumulated, a gate may be opened to let the logs float out with a roaring flood. Some, too, are hauled to the yard on tramways, which, as they wind about among the black thickets or cross the blacker waters of a brook, are scarcely less picturesque than the splash dams. Queer places, as it seems to the unaccustomed, are chosen for ship-yards. Down at Brookville a great schooner was built where her port-side frames had to be poked up among the trees, that grew almost to the water's edge, in the narrow little plateau between two hills where her keel was laid. At Canningville another was built on the barren beach, with not even a house in sight. At Advocate, two years ago, one was launched right across the public highway. At Eatonville a bark and a schooner were launched from a sand-bar between two forest-covered mountains, where the nearest dwelling was two and a half miles away up the valley of a mountain brook, and the nearest settlement where a store could be found was at Advocate, ten and a half miles away over the mountains.

The location, however, is of little consequence to the builder so long as he has room for the frames, and space in which to swing a maul besides. He does not always insist on having even enough water to float his ship when she is launched, for two vessels have been sent flying down the ways at Advocate to land at last in the mud.

A straight path, however, he must have, and in it he places a row of blocks, most carefully lined, with their upper surfaces at such an angle with the water that when the ways are put under the ship, she will slide down them of her own weight. It is on these blocks that the lowest piece of wood in a ship—the shoe—is placed; the shoe being a line of thick planks bolted to the bottom of the keel, which, when the shoe is in place, is at once stretched along on top. The shoe adds little to the strength of a ship, but often saves her by its frailty, for should she settle on a rock with an ebbing tide, the shoe would very likely carry away, and let the ship slide off into deep water.

How large the logs of which the keel and other frames are made must be is determined by certain rules developed by long experience, but nothing further need be said here about that save that when a ship is built for sale on speculation the timbers are always large enough to secure the approval of the inspector appointed by the insurance companies, while the vessel that is built to the order of an owner who expects to keep her—when "she is built to wear out"—the timbers are commonly larger than the rules demand.

The reader has doubtless heard it said many times that the frames of a ship are fitted to the keel like the ribs of a fish to its backbone. That is a very good simile as far as it goes, and if fish only swam with the backbone down instead of up, one could hardly find its equal. But if one would see just how the frames, including that most important one, the stem, are really fitted to the keel, he can learn by looking at the accompanying engraving, which shows the starboard-bow frames of a schooner built at Eatonville. The ordinary frames are simply placed on top the keel, and then, after shores are set to hold them upright, metal bolts are driven through frames and keel. It is a curious and interesting fact that not a single frame, with all its bolting to the keel, would stand upright in place if left alone. No frame is capable of supporting its own weight; in other words, the popular idea to the contrary notwithstanding, the strength of a ship lies chiefly in her planking, flooring, and ceiling—in the horizontal pieces of wood, and not in the vertical.

Just how a ship, and a big one at that, looks with all her frames in place, but without the skin or planking, can be seen by an inspection of the illustration of the great square-rigged vessel built at Spencer's Island. The picture shows as well how a scaffolding must be erected for the men to work on as the frames are raised. It shows, too, a shed at the left, where the men who are fashioning the timbers may work when the rain falls—on "a dull day," as they say there—or when the sun "burns the fog away, and comes out scorching hot, ye know." Further than that, it shows a tall spar used as a derrick in lifting up the timbers into place. If one would get a good idea of how large a great ship is, the picture will help in the matter, for the lower edge of the shed roof was high enough for a tall man with a silk hat on to walk erect under it. The derrick was as tall as the loftiest telegraph pole in New York, and the hull itself would have filled Broadway for a block from curb to curb could it have been placed there, while the highest timbers would have been up about the fourth-story windows of the ordinary business houses.

The work of shaping the timbers for the frame of a ship is done with the saw, the axe, and the adze. It is not fine work in the sense that cabinet-work is fine, but any one who looks at the joints between timbers—the scarfs, as they are called—must be impressed with the skill of the man who can wield such large tools in a way to make the two pieces fit so closely together. The scarf in the schooner's stem as shown made a scarcely noticeable line in a good photograph taken under favorable circumstances.

But when the planks and ceiling are to be put on, something else than the use of the tools mentioned is needed. Crooked logs can be found and shaped for crooked or rounding frames, but where the planks and ceiling must be fitted over rounded frame surfaces they are bent until they fit into place. In a well-built ship that will carry 1000 or 1200 tons of cargo the planks are five inches thick and six or eight wide—pretty good timbers rather than plank, a house carpenter would say. But even these can be bent to fit a very sharp curve if they are properly steamed, and a steaming box is therefore to be found in every ship-yard.

Its name is almost sufficiently descriptive, for it is a box long enough to hold the largest plank, and is connected with a great pot having a wooden cover by means of a tin or iron pipe to convey the steam from the boiling pot to the box. The rule is to steam the plank an hour for every inch of thickness. "But they don't always get it," as a builder said to me, "because you can generally scream 'em into place, ye know." One who has heard a partly steamed plank protest as it was forced to its place will say that the word "scream" is graphically descriptive.

Perhaps no part of the work of building a wooden ship is more likely to strike the attention of a stranger ("strike" is a particularly good word, because the novice is usually a little shocked by what he sees) than that of fastening the plank and ceiling to the frames. He sees the men carry the plank, perhaps steaming hot, to the frames, lift it to its place, and then with screw clamps hold it there. Then comes a man with an augur, who bores two holes in the plank to every frame, the holes piercing the frame as well as the plank. There is nothing shocking about that; but when one notices that the augur holes are, say, only an inch and an eighth in diameter, and that nothing but wooden pegs are driven in to hold the plank to the frames, that that whole vast frame-work of the ship is apparently held together by such frail fastenings as wooden pegs, he begins to wonder how it happens that the ship does not fall apart before she is launched. However, the fact is not so bad as it appears to be to a novice. To begin with, the frame-work of a ship is secured together by iron bolts, while the ends of plank and ceiling are fastened by iron or brass (composition) bolts that have a head on one end and are riveted off over rings at the other. The fastening may seem frail, but there are good wooden ships afloat that are thirty, forty, and even fifty years old. It will be noted by the novice as a curious fact that in building a 1000-ton ship two and sometimes three sets of augurs will be worn out by their friction with even the soft woods.

After the hull is well along, come the spar-makers and riggers. The blacksmith has been on hand all the time to make bolts, if for no other purpose; but when the spar-maker comes, his work increases rapidly, for in these days iron is used wherever possible in even a wooden ship. There is seemingly no end to the collars, the hooks, the eyes, the slings, what not, that he must make; and at the last, when a 1000-ton ship is nearing completion, from six to nine men will be employed about the forges. Here, too, is a case where the skill of the mechanic shows itself in the use of heavy tools to make fine work, for the fitting done by some of these Nova Scotia blacksmiths looks marvellous in the eyes of the novice. It is all the more noticeable in Nova Scotia from the fact that it is all hand-work, few if any such aids to human muscle as steam trip-hammers, bolt-machines, etc., which are common in Maine ship-yards, can be found there.

The logs on which the spar-maker sets to work are for the most part cut in the woods where the rest of the ship's wood came from. Now and then the lower masts of a ship are made of Oregon pine, and iron masts are not unknown. The *Argenta*, a bark built at Eatonville last summer, had an iron bowsprit and jib-boom in one. It was imported from England, was the first of its kind used in Nova Scotia, and was the talk of the maritime provinces. But most of the spars of a Nova Scotia ship are made of Nova Scotia spruce, and, according to Nova Scotia ship-builders, Nova Scotia spruce is unique. Whether it is the fog, or the prevailing winds, or the soil that makes it they do not know, but Nova Scotia spruce, they say, is the toughest on earth, and in that dictum many New York ship merchants join, for many New York merchants own Nova Scotia ships.

The modern use of wire in the rigging of a ship is enough to make the old-fashioned sailor of the clipper-ship era gasp. That shrouds and stays should be made of wire-rope is not much of a subject for wonder, but with the perfection of steel wire is coming the abandoning of manilla and chains in many places where the one or the other must run around a pretty small sheave. A combination of chain and manila has been used time out of mind in the gear for hoisting sails, in the sheets or tackle for stretching the lower corners of square sails to the yards, and in the braces which sway or point the yards this way and that. But now the flexible steel-rope, tough, enduring, and low-priced, is coming into universal use. To the marline-spike, knife, and serving mallet, the chief tools of the rigger in old days, must now be added the nippers.

Last of all come the caulkers, who drive the seams full of oakum, the joiners or house carpenters, who build the cabin and forecastle, and the painters "to hide the defects"; and so it happens that one of the busiest-looking places in the world is a ship-yard as the vessel is near completion. With the bolt-driver setting home the last of the fastenings with his maul, the dubber "squaring down" the sides with his adze, the caulker driving in the oakum, the spar-maker chopping away at spare yards and topmast, the rigger whirling his serving mallet or swaying aloft some of her top-hamper, the carpenter nailing up bunks for the crew, the painter spreading the color, and the general-utility man carrying stores on board, there is a clatter and swing and movement that will stir the blood of the most blasé.

Nor will a study of the people themselves prove less interesting than the work they are doing. Let one instance serve to illustrate this. I sat one afternoon in the tent on the beach where the master-mechanic at Eatonville lived. His wife, a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced matron, was showing the photographs in her album—photographs of relatives or close friends and neighbors in all cases. As she turned the leaves she told the name of each, and then added, so often that it made my heart ache, such comment as this: "He was on the schooner *Belle*; she was lost with all hands on the coast of Maine." "He was on the deck of the *Queen*, when a wave washed him away, and he was lost." "He was mate of a ship sailing from New York, and in a quarrel with one of the men was stabbed to death." "He and his wife were caught in the ice, and with all hands perished." "His ship sailed from St. John one day in spring, and was never heard from again."

To those who live on the shores of the Bay of Fundy the sea is at once a harvest field and a grave. The great men of the country are the captains and owners of ships; the rising young men are second and first mates; the prudent are those who have invested early savings in ship shares; the desolate are those whose hope and comfort in life have sailed away, never to return.

At last, though time is never laggard in a ship-yard, launching day is at hand. Not that the ship is completed; "most generally a fortnight's work oughter be done first"; but the owner is tired of waiting for her, and the builder is willing to see her go. And so the most of the carpenters and laborers are set to work getting the ways in place and building a cradle under her, laying a railway of heavy timbers, down which the ship may slide, and building a frame-work to hold her as she goes. Where the water shoals gradually the ways may be laid on the ground for the entire distance, but in most places about the Bay of Fundy the shores are steep, and the water end of this railway must be a substantial trestle, well braced and spiked together, and held down at high tide by barrels of gravel from the beach—something that always looks very funny to the novice.

Meantime the builder has gone or sent away to the nearest printing-office to have some posters printed announcing the coming event, for launching day is the chiefest of Nova Scotia's holidays. Colored paper—green, red, or yellow—and bold type are in high favor for such occasions. Here is the wording of such a bill:

MARRIAGE
OF
ANOTHER BIG SHIP TO OLD OCEAN
AT
SPENCER'S ISLAND
ON
SATURDAY, AUG. 20, AT ABOUT 1.30 O'CLOCK.
Cumberland County's Largest Ship will be
LAUNCHED,
FULL RIGGED AND EQUIPPED FOR SEA.

Such an invitation will draw hundreds of spectators. At the launching of the bark *Argenta* at Eatonville in August, when I was present, I saw people who had driven more than thirty miles in order to see the launching. They all came in holiday attire, old and young, parents and children, lovers and sweethearts—all very gay, and all very much interested in any peculiarities or unique features about the ship, and all watching for signs that will indicate what her luck is to be.

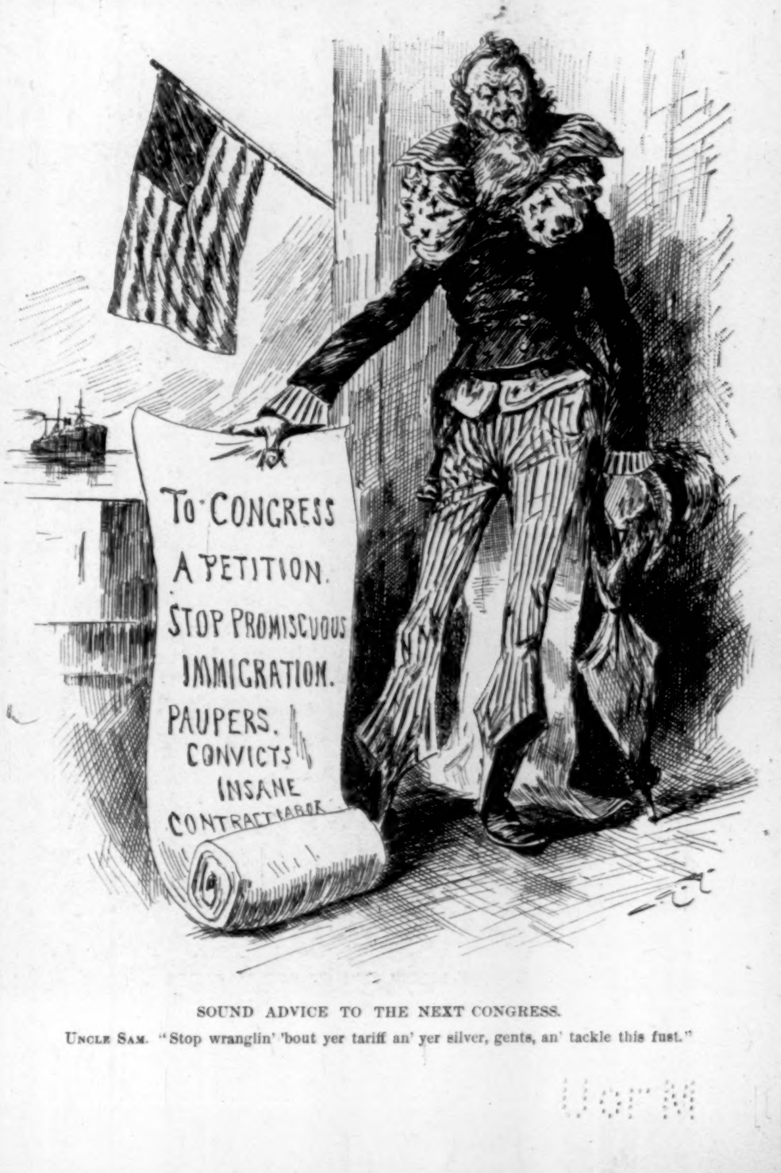
With hundreds of critical and no end of mischievous eyes upon them, the men do the last strokes of work about the ways and the ship with a will and a care that, exercised all along, would have made a better ship in half the time. The spectators swarm everywhere. They stand and sit on the débris alongshore; they gather in the shade of tool-house and shed; they clamber up the staging, and get in the way of the men at work; a few of the young people in couples commonly stray off to out-of-the-way places in the yard in a manner that indicates a greater interest in something other than ship-building. The foreman frets and fumes about on all sides; the builder, silent but anxious, watches the doings with his hands in his pockets; the owner, bland and smiling, receives the ladies on the quarter-deck, and compliments them on their charms, while they praise the new ship, and admire the bunting with which she is always decorated.

Finally the time comes when the tiny waves of the flood-tide break over the tops of the barrels of gravel that hold down the outer ways. The water will rise no higher, and a gang of sturdy young fellows with mauls and wedges crawl under the stern end of the ship's cradle, and begin to split out the blocks on which the weight of the ship rests. There has been no end of chopping and pounding and clatter all along, but the click of maul and wedge is different, and the sound hushes the busy tongues, even stills the wail of the tired baby, for it is a signal that announces the quick departure of the new ship, never to return. Silent, but nervously shifting about in their places, the spectators gaze at the motionless hulk, while the "click, click" from under the cradle grows muffled as the men go further in, and louder again as they near the end, until at last the tops of the tall spars are seen to tremble faintly, and then, with slow but quickening speed, she glides away. Sweeping over the bend of the beach, she cuts a shining curl of foam from the crest of the wave that rises to meet her, tips lightly from the end of the cradle, and floats away, bowing in gentle courtesy to the throngs upon the shore.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PROGRESS.

THERE is doubtless much to be said in favor of the modern American tendency to strip all institutions of effete and high-sounding titles, and to call even the ivory-handled, silver-plated instrument with which some celebrity cuts the first sod of a railway a simple "spade"; but even the wisest reforms may be carried to excess, and it is not without a shudder that we see the present enterprise of the President described in the papers as a "trip," a "tour," or a "journey," as if its distinguished undertaker were a mere drummer on his spring rounds. To be sure, there are some cynical worldlings who would shamelessly assert that the parallel holds exceedingly good, and that the performance reminds them mightily of the customary procession of elephants and dromedaries, gilded cars and extra brazen bands, with which the arriving circus draws attention to its attractions, but this is mere carping, unworthy of serious consideration. The President, we are assured, has gone to carry the congratulations and good-will of the North to the South and West; and when the chief of a government which controls the largest and most advanced civilized community in the world sets out upon travels so extensive with so excellent a purpose, it is surely fitting that an appropriate title, already sanctioned by long use, should be applied to the solemn ceremony. Such an advance on the part of prince or potentate from loyal town to town, through an enthusiastic and contented populace, was always called a progress, and it seems hard that President Harrison should be robbed of his privilege in this respect. A progress, then, let it henceforth be, though such a one as would have stupendously astonished "good Queen Bess," who was so passionately attached to similar entertainments three hundred years agone. To that worthy sovereign, had it been possible, it would certainly have appeared neither desirable nor dignified to career over such a vast circuit in so brief a space of time, and the lady, who ungrudgingly spent an entire day in proceeding from Warwick to Kenilworth, would certainly have opened her royal eyes wide with horror if it had been proposed to her that she should fleet from Washington, through Chattanooga and Atlanta, to Galveston, Tucson, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, and back thence by Portland, Salt Lake City, Omaha, and Pittsburgh—more miles, possibly, than the stately dame covered during a long life—in the swift waxing and waning of a single moon. This characteristic velocity excepted, there are many things in the present progress that would have delighted her. She, we are instructed by historians, invariably travelled with a great and splendid train, but it is scarcely credible that Leicester and Sussex, with all the other worthy nobles, their squires and dependents, arrayed in their bravest finery, can have formed so magnificent or expensive a train as that which whirls the President Westward ho! It is, indeed, safe to assert that not one of the lordly owners upon whom she bestowed the costly honor of a visit at his country-seat could provide her with accommodation as gorgeous and luxurious as the peripatetic palace now occupied by the President. Greenwich itself could not show the equal of the "Aztlan, the Presidential special," with its olive plush upholstering, its softly cushioned chairs and sofas, its writing-desks and scrupulously unpolitical library; or of the "Coronado" dining-car, with its green plush and silver fittings; or of the "New Zealand," radiant in blue and white and terra-cotta; or of the "Ideal" and "Vacuna." Alas! the mention of this last triumph of itinerant ease recalls the painful fact that even Presidents are mortal, and that as black care sits behind the swiftest horseman, and "as in the sweetest bud the eating canker dwells," so there lurks a thorn among the roses of the progress. Attached to that last car we find a covered platform, open at the sides, floored with rubber, "and fenced in with brass and bronze"—a sort of glorified prize-ring, into which at every way-side station the hapless recipient of so much hospitality must step, and strive to "knock out" something new to say to the expectant multitude. Nor truly can it add to the delight of life to be closely followed for ten miles by a locomotive cannon, obstreperously thundering welcome every third minute, or to be received by the strident screams of thousands of steam-whistles, and by an additional explosion, so injudiciously adjacent as to splinter three solid plate-glass windows and overthrow a colored waiter. The President happily escaped unscathed from this over-zealous greeting, but it must have served to convince him that, easy as it may be to travel now from Chattanooga to Atlanta as compared with his last experience during the war, it is not yet without its "special" perils, and to make him look forward not without anxiety to the time when his progress shall be fortunately ended, and the constant drain of speeches mitigated.

MALCOLM BELL.

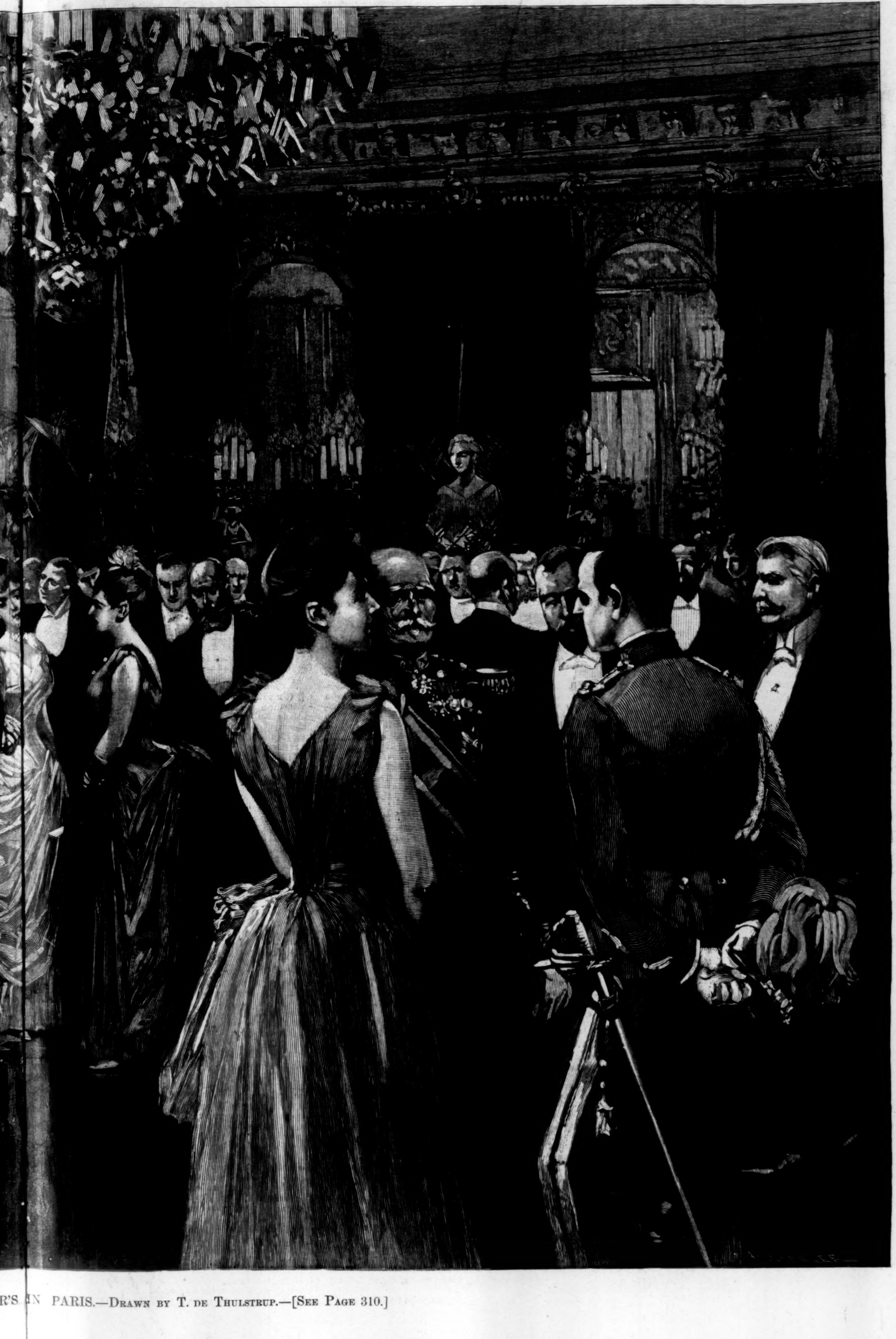


SOUND ADVICE TO THE NEXT CONGRESS.

UNCLE SAM. "Stop wranglin' 'bout yer tariff an' yer silver, gents, an' tackle this fust."

U of M

A RECEPTION AT THE AMERICAN MINISTER'S



R'S IN PARIS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 310.]

THE TULIP.

In the softly silent sheltered space
In lee of a garden wall
A tulip climbed to the April light,
Slender and straight and tall.
A laggard rose, in wait for June,
With his warm low winds and his languid moon,
Grew rank and green on the hither side,
And flouted with her plenteous dower
Of green small buds the tenderer flower
That dared the chill of first spring-tide.

Veined red and gold she stood at even,
Ready at sunrise to burst in flower.
The lowest cloud in a rainy heaven
Felt to his heart her new sweet power,
And straight with a diamond circlet bound her,
While mist drops beat in their fairy fall.
"My fair must know that her love hath found her,
And blossom bright at his tender call."
The drooping tulip would not uncover,
And reckless shattered the crystal ring.
"My heart is held for a royal lover
With sunbeam kisses. My king! my king!"

The cloud, in anger at such brave scorning,
Spread gray and sullen o'er all the sky.
A warm wet south wind blew at morning;
Slowly the tearful day went by.
The wind sang low: "So fair, so tender,
I have come long miles over land and sea
To kiss and cling to thy blossom slender.
Now open, open thy heart to me."
He wooed and wooed till the night was over.
She sighed: "You are gentle, and softly sing,
But my heart is held for a royal lover
Who hath sunbeam kisses. My king! my king!"

Sadly the sweet wind the low words listened;
Then bravely strengthened, and blew away
The jealous cloud, and the fair world glistened
In sunlight clear at the rise of day.
For he felt that love, to be worth the giving,
From dross of self must be purely freed,
And hopeless work for a love that is living,
Keep faith and troth with a love that is dead.
What debt she owed to the loyal rover
The tulip recked not, but, quivering
With love's sweet pain, met her royal lover.
"At last I can blossom! My king! my king!"

Backward the red-gold petals bended;
The slow sun climbed to the upper air;
In the fervent glow of his noontide beaming
The flower-heart trembled all black and bare.
For aye forgot was the long green quiet
From bud in the root to this flashing flower;
In this pulsing life with its sweet mad riot
An age of bliss in one brief bright hour.
The wise green rose flung shade above her.
"Despise not counsel, O child of spring!
A veiled heart longest will keep a lover.
Beware, beware of this burning king!"

The tulip shivered, but, stanchly loyal,
The slender stalk from the shadow bent.
"Who cost counts merits no gift so royal
As the love of my life, and I die content.
The cloud gift was bright, and the low wind tender;
From them ye gave me no sheltering.
I bloomed for one only, and gladly render
My life for such loving. My king! my king!"

* * * * * *

The cloud and the sun went down at even;
The proud rose rustled, "Poor silly thing!"
And the wind made plaint to a star-strewn heaven
For his dead fair love and her heedless king.

M. C. Williams.

HOW HE FOUND HIS PROFESSION.

Early biographical details need not detain us long. We wish merely to relate one incident in his career—the crowning act of his life—and one whose narration teaches many lessons, the most obvious of which is that, try as a man may to find a profession suited to his supposed tastes and abilities, fate oftentimes takes the matter out of his hands, and disregarding all of his preconceived ideas, thrusts him into the very place for which he was designed. History is full of such examples, and all remember that Dick Turpin's earliest ambition was to be a sheriff's officer, and that Bluebeard was with difficulty dissuaded from entering a celibate priesthood. These considerations make necessary some juvenile *memorabilia*.

His boyhood was about equally divided between books and play; the books, however, were not as a rule school-books, and his devotion to play was also somewhat fitful. As a small boy he broke more toys and required more new games in a month than would suffice to amuse a whole convalescent ward of a children's hospital; and as he grew older it became evident that the very diversity of his talents would never permit him to give enough attention to any one sport to become a leader therein.

At college he distinguished himself in many ways. He led his class during the Sophomore year, but throughout the next term his devotion to the debates of his literary society so divided his attention that he barely managed to secure a speaker's place for the Junior orations at Commencement. His theme on this occasion was "Singleness of Aim," and it was treated with an earnestness that seemed born of profound conviction and personal experience. He was pathetic in his pictures of unused opportunities and wasted lives, and his scorn of indecision of character and of all sorts of dilettanteism is said to have been withering. Great expectations were aroused among his fellow-students as to his graduating speech, which would follow a year later; but the next year he went in for athletics, and with so much success that he graduated near the head of the baseball club, and not far from the foot of his class.

After graduating, he lost no time in considering his future profession. He began at once the study of medicine, but the dry bones of anatomy afforded him no mental or spiritual nutriment, while the disagreeable details of physiology were repugnant to his finer feelings.

He then taught school, and successfully; but after he had whipped into a state of dog-like submission, and even affection, an overgrown but underbred boy, who had passed upon and discarded several of his predecessors as "N. G." (thus the boy put it), and had also thrashed in the presence of an awe-stricken but admiring school an irate trustee patron, who had most rudely differed with him on some points of discipline—after these two efforts his career was suddenly closed. The rest of the board, not liking the precedent, agreed in informing him that while they admired his learning and ability, they thought he carried his ideas of corporal punishment too far, and then, with glaring inconsistency, suggested that he carry them still farther—even into some other school.

His mother was inclined about this time to think that the world was using her only son rather hardly, and advanced money enough to set him up in business in his native town. He entered upon a mercantile career with small capital but large ideas. His advertisements were models of correct English, and illustrated the advantages of a collegiate training. Things went on swimmingly for a while, but it must be regretfully confessed that the swimming was mostly down stream, and after some months of successful mismanagement his creditors formed a "trust," and he was forced, *haud reluctans*, it must be admitted, out of trade.

So far nothing has been said of his personality, nor is there much need for this. Such men are nearly always lovable. It is the useful and not the ornamental traits that are wanting in their make up. They have enthusiasm to plan, and, as far as it goes, ability to execute, and only lack the final quality of fixity of purpose or will to make them continue to strive after the first flush of their enthusiasm has faded. Perhaps this enthusiasm is of a somewhat etiolated character, but it differs, rather to its advantage, from that robust, ruddy kind which often makes its possessor a terror to people of delicate sensibilities and high-strung nerves. They are loyal enough to their mistresses of the hour, but when the time for parting comes they shed no tears, and gayly puff the jades away. Why is it that Nature, in mixing the clay for some of her most charming creations, so often imitates the enforced example of the children of Israel, and makes her bricks without straw? True it is that the result, while not enduring, is often very delightful. Perhaps, to change the figure, that wise cook knows that she is leaving out the one ingredient which, if added, might change the *sauce piquante* into a heavy and indigestible dish.

Not to follow his career too closely, it may be said that at the age of twenty-eight there was nothing to keep him outside the operation of the vagrant law but the mother just mentioned, who possessed a fairly comfortable income, and a still more comfortable weakness for her boy, and a sign that read,

"WILLOUGHBY MARABLE,
"Attorney at Law."

Fate, meanwhile, had been following him *æquo pede*, as he would have phrased it, and was preparing to knock.

He was sitting in his office one lazy spring day, enjoying a cigar and cogitating on things past and present, when it came to him, as by a flash of inspiration, that he had so far missed his calling. It needed only everyday sunlight for an outsider to discover this truth, but to him it came as an illumination. It was in literature, and not in law, that he was destined to make a name for himself. Not in the broad fields of Literature (with a capital L) did he intend to roam; no, he would become famous as a writer of short stories. True, he had never written any, long or short, but he had read them without number, and he saw how easily the trick was done.

Acting, as always, on a strong impulse, he threw himself on a lounge, and proceeded to map out in his mind his initial effort. He had proceeded far enough to make it a toss up whether he was destined to add another failure to his list, or another name to literature, when—*Fate knocked.*

It was not a client bringing him the case that would make him famous, but only a friend who came to take him to the tennis-court for a game. He went, and during the game was struck in the eye by a "smashed" ball. This is a more serious thing than it may seem to our readers, many of whom have, perhaps, never been struck in the eye by a "smashed" tennis ball, and especially so if one wears glasses, as he happened to do. He luckily saved the eye itself from shattered glass, but the lids suffered no little. His physician commanded a bandage over both eyes for at least a week, and their complete disuse for perhaps longer.

As soon as the pain had subsided sufficiently to permit him to think at all, his mind reverted to his unfinished story; and he bewailed the hard fate which, even for a time, so rudely checked his new-born literary aspirations. Some such lament he made to his friend—the fatal racket handler of the afternoon, and the *deus ex machina* of this little drama—who, half in scorn, suggested that he employ a stenographer. They laughed together at the absurd suggestion; but the idea stuck, and he determined, if possible, to follow it, with modifications.

Here enters our heroine. Her name was Margaret Western, a next-door neighbor and a life-long friend. Indeed, on Willoughby's part the feeling was stronger than friendship. He had long loved her, and was only waiting to find his career—that career which always seemed to be just ahead of him—to ask her to share it with him. Meanwhile his pride kept him silent, for Margaret was the only child of a rich and proud old lawyer. If she loved him, she had never shown it; if she knew the state of his feelings, she had never betrayed her knowledge, but had always treated him with the easy familiarity and frank comradeship that are born of long acquaintance, and that her simple and unaffected nature made easy. She was straightforward, intelligent, and independent, fond of social pleasures in moderation, but caring more for books and art. And, finally, she was a beautiful girl, in proof of which no effort is made to describe her appearance. *She* should be his amanuensis. This was how the idea had taken shape in his mind.

The next day, at the earliest seasonable hour for calling, he groped his familiar way across the contiguous lawn to Margaret's home, and laid before her his plans and aspirations. She was too used to his vagaries to feel more than a mild surprise, and even managed to manifest a little enthusiasm. In the pleasure of her society he was not over-ready to begin his dictating; but Margaret resolutely procured writing materials, and urged him to his work.

All at once it flashed upon him that the story which had for more than twenty-four hours been seething in his brain was a trifle erotic. He hesitated, and pleaded his wounded eye as an excuse for delay. To this she would not listen; and to end her banter, and to get out of what threatened to become a ludicrous situation, he resolutely collected his scattered wits, and attempted a pure piece of improvisation. He told the story slowly, for he was feeling his way, and Margaret had to take down his words, and hesitatingly, because as he progressed he began to realize that he was treading on dangerous ground. It was short and trite enough, and this is the outline:

A boy and girl grow up together as sweethearts—the boy poor, the girl very rich. Not until he has returned from college does he realize the barrier that her wealth puts between them. He dares not renew their intimacy until by his efforts he has more nearly equalized their positions. The girl recognizes the change, and with feminine intuition divines the cause, but will not shock conventionality by betraying that her feelings also are unchanged. His pride will not let him speak; her maidenly modesty keeps her silent. This goes on for years, until the young man, in despair, and with never a word to her, leaves his native place forever. She, in utter rage and loneliness, marries a man in every way his inferior save in wealth. And for both hero and heroine a future of enduring misery.

They worked on almost without pause until the end, and when the last word was written he hesitated a moment, and then said,

"Well?"

"It would be a sad story if it were true," said she; "but I don't like it. I don't think it is a strong story. I suppose, Willoughby, you know—I suppose you *ought* to know—men better than I do; but I don't believe in the kind of man you describe. Your story lacks realism, as they call it. A man as weak as the one you paint could never exist. Why, he never could have escaped the dangers of teething," she added, scornfully. "And as for your girl, I *know* that such a poor, spiritless, namby-pamby thing could never hold the love of even the poor little puppet you have set up." Then, aghast at her impetuous candor, "Of course I am speaking of the characters, not the story itself."

Her voice had a touch of anger in it, and he, surprised at her vehemence, could only stammer out, "I don't see—"

A quick movement from her checked his speech, and he could hear the pen thrown sharply on to the table, as she said, in a tense voice that grew more rapid as she went on: "You say they loved each other, and that apart they were doomed to misery; that they were kept apart by his poverty, while she had more than enough for both. What was all of it to her without him? Why should it keep them apart because it happened to be hers and not his? It should not do so; it would not do so if the man were not a coward and the woman a fool. Now, don't you see? Oh, Willoughby, *don't* you see?"

Her voice had lost its tension as she spoke these last words, and was dangerously near to tears.

He lifted the bandage from his bruised eyes and looked at her. She was leaning forward on her hands, her lips quivering, her face suffused with blushes, and her bosom heaving tumultuously. He dropped at her feet, clutching wildly for her hands, and crying,

"Oh, Margaret, can it be true?"

One of her hands found his, while the other rested a moment lightly on his head. "Put on your bandage, Willoughby," she said, leaping forward to adjust it, and passing her hands softly over his temples. "I have cured your worst blindness, dear, but your eyes are still weak."

And so it came about that at last he found his profession, or rather his profession was found for him.

Not as doctor or teacher is he destined to shine. His business abilities are not to be at the service of Boards of Trade or Chambers of Commerce, and though his name is blazoned as the junior member of the firm of Western & Marable, it is not in the courts that his finer qualities are to be shown and his genuine talents to be exhibited.

Margaret will tell you the profession that nature made him for. He is filling, she thinks, the position for which he was destined from the beginning of time. It is one rarer to find and harder to fill than any in laboratory or school-room or mart of business or court of justice; and one more important to her than any trade, calling, business, art, or profession—that of a model husband.

So it will come to pass that though he will never, as the world calls it, "do any great things for himself," Margaret will be happy, and their little ones will love him, and his life will not have been spent in vain.

W. E. and E. H. Myers.

TWO FEATURES OF THE COLUMBIAN FAIR.

KRETSCHMAR COLUMBIAN MONUMENT.

Columbus discovered America. One of the results of that discovery is the nation known as the United States. If the story of the great man, his marvellous will, his high faith, his unswerving perseverance, his mastery alike over himself and his fellow-beings, his sublime courage in the most adverse of conditions, his final and supreme triumph, and the grand panorama of change and progress that followed it—if this story could be told in one work of art, the New World that he gave would gain much of honest value. It was this consideration that moved Howard Kretschmar to model in clay a monument that will go before the directors of the World's Columbian Exposition with no endorsement so strong as that which appears on its own face.

That Columbus discovered America by the way of the sea—that is, that he made use of salt-water, and ships of wood, and canvas, and a mariner's compass, and men who trimmed sail—and that he was assisted in this by the generosity of a queen, have no special meaning in the main fact. These were but the implements that aided his genius. The anchors he used when his fleet came to the end of his long journey deserved but small credit for the commanding result. The consummation itself is alone of value; the means are almost beneath notice.

So argued Mr. Kretschmar with some justice, for his monument, if it does not appeal to the marine eye or to any special industrial feeling, grows upon one, and forces into the heart all that is purely and broadly and genuinely human in the life and the effort and the achievement of Christopher Columbus. The chief charm of the conception is in the poetry of its simplicity. There is no traditional anchor or chart; there is no coil of line or show of sail; there is no kneeling suppliant or donor queen. First is the man. He stands (as you can imagine, if you will, for there is no sign of it) in the forwardest part of the vessel that bears him. His attitude is eager, his face full beyond words of a triumph whose real meaning he only yet grasps at. One hand is on his breast; the other open, as though it would apprehend all that lay before. The legend beneath says all that can be said: "Land ho!"

The drapery is rich, but by no means elaborate. It is natural. The figure is to be colossal, and from the pedestal is measured to be fifty feet high. The sculptor has done well in the modelling of the great figure, but the more interesting features of his work are the groupings about the base. These carry out in detail the story of the work of Columbus, and all its sequence in the development of the people and the government of this country. The group in the fore-front pediment represents Glory, as it is expressed in the resources of the land, the industry of the people, genius, effort, aspiration. It is designed to be the apotheosis of the strength, intellect, ability, of the American nation. On the reverse is perhaps the most artistic feature of the groupings. Here appears Freedom, with naked sword supported by an eagle with outstretched wings. It is the expression poetic of the idea of personal liberty, of the freedom of a great people, and their allegiance to no one but themselves—a spirit that has tinctured the whole world, and that has set the current of civilization toward democratic government. The other two groups can be said to complete the story. Toleration—dignified, learned, sagacious, profound, expressive of the broadest spirit of liberality possible in the matter of political, religious, scientific, and philosophic opinion—is the first. The gracious figure of Philanthropy is last. It realizes the beauty and the value and comfort of its home, and yet invites all the world to partake of it.

Thus, recapitulating, are, first, the awakened soul of the discoverer in the moment of his triumph over opposition, delay, doubt, and danger; next, the one broad and happy consequence—a free people. Then follows the continuation of the story in its beneficent reach—toleration and philanthropy in their most unrestricted meaning. Lastly, the glory of the present and the past, and pure aspiration, looking upward and forward.

The architecture of the statue is of the Renaissance order, and is designed to be of granite, the statue itself of bronze.

THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

De Quincey, when he was told that women thought ill of *Murder as a Fine Art*, asked, wearily, "Do women think?" That women think, and act too, would be clear to him were he permitted a peep into the woman's building of the Columbian Exposition in 1893. The structure that is designed to show to the world the liberty, progressiveness, and advancement of American women was conceived in and born of the brain of a woman. And when it will have been erected and finished, it will be in no regard worthy a second place only beside the other features of the big Fair. The entire enterprise will be a definition, up to date, of woman's work. It will, too, disclose a promise for the future that will be well worth the attention of such men as juggle with coming sociological conditions. It will mean more than a pretty exhibition of the doing of pretty hands or of the product of idle hours. It will be the cumulative effect of all that has been done by women in the past quarter of a century, condensed and gathered in and cabined within four walls.

Although it is not always so stated now, the inspiration of the Woman's Department of the Exposition came from the tireless members of the Isabella Association. The ladies of the Isabella will have a separate building of their own, wherein all things good and beautiful will be; but the woman's building proper will be the larger if not the more unique of the two. When the money was visible, the board of lady managers offered three prizes of $1000, $500, and $250 for the three best designs and plans. The competition was limited to women, and the sketches were sent in sealed envelopes to the chief of construction. Miss Hayden, of Boston, won the first prize; Miss Howe, of Boston, won the second prize; and Miss Hayes, of Chicago, won the third prize. Miss Hayden's design was approved and adopted, and the structure will be erected on the lines laid down by her.

Exteriorly the building designed by Miss Hayden is, like those of the others, in the order of the Italian Renaissance. The first story is 18 feet in height, and the second story 25 feet. The ground dimensions are 400 by 200 feet. When erected, the face of the structure will be toward the setting sun; but the rear wall, rising over Lake Michigan, will be a work of art too. An open arcade, surmounted by vases suggested by Greek archæological discovery, connects the corner and the mid pavilions, on whose corners are double pilasters.

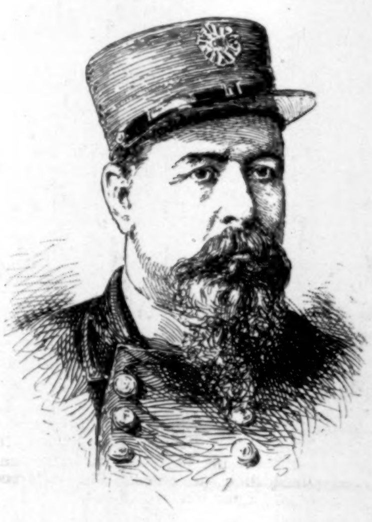
The style of the first story is Doric, and that of the second story Ionic. The arcade of the first story supplies a balcony above, on which the curtains of the second floor are recessed. The outlets of the windows are upon this arcade balcony. The grand entrance to the building was a matter of much concern to Miss Hayden. The results of her study on this section of her work is a triple open archway under a row of free-standing Corinthian columns. An enriched pediment finishes the centre pavilion. The main cornice is decorated with a very elaborate frieze that runs along the entire length of the house. The house is covered with a low Italian roof, from the centre of which rises an empedimented skylight.

Perhaps the most critical and difficult portion of Miss Hayden's task was the design of the interior. The young lady had to depend literally on her own genius for this. She had not even a suggestion from the managers. It was therefore a matter of much pleasure to the ladies of the board when they found the apartments as well divided as if they had written out a set of specifications. In the middle of the first floor is the main gallery. At the south of it is a hall 80 × 100, in which will be had a retrospective exhibit. At the other end is a similar apartment for the lesson of reform work and charity organization. Opposite the main entrance is the water entrance from the lake. Opening into the water entrance are large rooms for model kindergarten and model hospital. To the right of the main entrance are the bureau of information, library, and record-room.

Broad stairways lead into the second story from either end of the main gallery, over which is a second gallery of equal dimensions, into which the light pours through the sky piece. Surrounding the second gallery are open colonnades. The second floor is given up to the uses of the administrative and the executive departments. The only apartment on this floor devoted to the purposes of exhibition is at the southwestern corner. Here will be shown a model kitchen for demonstration lessons. Off the colonnades are ladies' parlors, committee-rooms, administration-rooms, assembly-room, dressing-rooms, and a club-room for exhibitors. The galleries will be called upon to bear much of the burden of the Exposition features of the woman's department. They are generous in dimensions, being 60 feet wide by 240 feet in length.

Of course it is to be expected that glass will enter largely into the proportions of the constructive material. The appropriation of $200,000 will restrict the costliness of the work. Stucco, wood, and iron will be freely used, but for the most part the builders will draw on staff. This can be wrought into a house with marvellously beautiful effect when the design provides for a temporary affair.

The selection of the design "carried with it," as was said in the announcement, "the appointment of its author as architect of the building." The architect, therefore, is Miss Sophia Georgia Hayden, and she is now quartered in a dainty little room in the offices of the chief of construction in Chicago. Miss Hayden is not a native of Boston, but of Santiago, Chili. Her father was a Bostonian and her mother a Chilian. Miss Hayden's origination in architecture is autogenous; no one of her family has studied art or drawing. Her father is a dentist, and she is a graduate of the Boston High-school. She turned naturally to the study of drawing and designing, and after a four years' course in the Institute of Technology in Boston, she received "first mention" in the campanile, and also in 1890 when she read her thesis. Recently she has been a teacher of drawing in various schools of Boston. Her design of the woman's building of the Fair was made at night, and after her work of the day was done. No person saw the plan before it was submitted. Personally Miss Hayden is not what would be called a pretty woman, but she has a charm of face and manner that is quite attractive.



DENIS J. SWENIE, CHIEF MARSHAL OF THE CHICAGO FIRE DEPARTMENT.

CHIEF SWENIE'S RIDE.

BY M. A. LANE.

Two men especially distinguished themselves at the great fire in Chicago on April 12th. One of them was the Chief of the Fire Department, who drove a hack eight miles in forty-five minutes in order to take charge of the conflagration, and the other was a policeman who stopped a panic by standing in front of a mob with his revolver, and threatening to kill those of the men who did not give way to the women.

Four hundred feet front of Madison Street, one of the main thoroughfares of Chicago, is covered with great masses of brick and mortar and stone. These are the débris of the fire that promised a repetition of the alarming scenes of twenty years ago. The conflagration literally wiped from the earth a number of really fine buildings in the heart of Chicago city, and consumed more than $1,000,000 in property. The chief loser is John M. Smyth, whose large furniture store was one of the curiosities of the long retail street, and one of the results of the new Chicago. The collections of Kohl & Middleton's Museum, including valuable boa-constrictors, plumed birds, monkeys, rare animals, and other property of this kind, were completely destroyed. The Haymarket Theatre building suffered great loss, and the buildings adjoining were reduced to ashes.

It was only through the almost superhuman courage, daring, and steadfastness of the Chicago Fire Department that the flames were stopped from spreading in all directions. The origin of the blaze was in a stable back of Smyth's store. Within the compass of three hours the fire had taken possession of all the Smyth property and the museum building adjoining it, and had blown over on the northern side of Madison between Union and Halstead streets. The department was working between two walls of flame, under the menace of lofty masonry that, collapsing at intervals, flung vast waves of blinding, showering sparks into the roadway from either side. This part of the city is densely populated, and the firemen's work was made all the more difficult by the pressure of more than a quarter of a million people, who, with feverish eagerness to see, forced themselves almost into the mouth of the furnace the flames had made of one block of the busy thoroughfare.

In the upper rooms of the Dime Museum that stood directly to the east of the Smyth buildings was a large crowd of visitors, and many of the burning houses were occupied by families. All this lent the matter a graver aspect than the mere demolition of property would involve. It also made the event rich in incident and exploit.

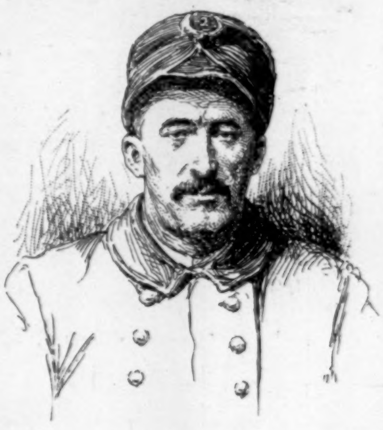
One of the most notable incidents, very appropriately, was the conduct of Denis J. Swenie, the Chief of the Fire Department. The alarm was given toward five o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour Chief Swenie was standing at the open grave of one of his bravest lieutenants, in Rose Hill Cemetery. Rose Hill lies to the north, more than eight miles from Madison Street. As the earth was being thrown in over the remains of his dead friend, the marshal turned and walked to the gateways of the graveyard. As he looked abroad he saw in the southern sky over the prairie-land clouds of the smoke and the red glow of the big blaze. This was his cue for action. He approached one of the carriages that were standing at the gate of the cemetery, and requested the driver to hurry him into the city to the fire. The driver hesitated and refused. Swenie, without a question, leaped up at the wheel, dragged the driver from his seat, flung him into the road, gathered up the reins, and the horses, under flourishing lines and chastising whip, tore like affrighted wolves along the avenue. The vehicle left behind it the cemetery, the railway stations, the suburbs at either hand, and cleared the track before it as might a wild engine. Policeman after policeman essayed to stop the man's career. It was useless, of course. In forty-five minutes from the time of the start the broken and fainting horses were drawn up in the crowd. The marshal donned helmet and canvas, and in another moment was saving lives from the cremation that was being consummated in the museum building.

Not less prompt and courageous was the action of police-officer Patrick Sheehy. It was he who turned in the alarm, and who presently saw that the influence of a bold and a cool-headed man would be necessary in the museum to prevent some hundreds of deaths. Directly his alarm was in, Officer Sheehy ran to the museum and up the stairs. The people there were already smitten with panic. Sheehy said afterward that the sight he beheld was horrible. Men seemed to have been turned into beasts with fear. They were beating down and trampling rough-shod over the women and children. One man had torn away the dress of a woman who stood between him and liberty, and others were shrieking and quivering and shedding most unmanly tears; and all were frantic and almost maniacal. The officer drew his revolver, held it above his head, and raising his voice above the babel, swore with solemn impressiveness that he would shoot down the first man who struck a woman or that trampled on a child. The threat had its effect, and partly sobered the stricken men, who passed Sheehy's revolver, and went down and out of danger's way. He stood his ground until the last one was safe, and then he fought his way out through the smoke and falling cinders and the roar of the water that even now was pouring into the building. Toward the end of the trial the noble fellow stood on the brink of a chasm, and took his closest look into the face of death.

A vigorous young Swede was in the museum with his sweetheart when the smoke first burst into the building. He told the girl to follow him, and made his way out. When he reached the street he could not find her. Back he turned into the tide of smoke, and, after a fierce hunt, found his companion. He conducted her safely into the street, but after they had gone a short way, the girl missed her shawl and bonnet. The young man stationed her in a doorway, and turned his face to the fire. By this time the museum was empty; but the Swede literally beat his path through the crushing crowd, and, despite warning, once more returned to the upper story of the museum. This action, that was no less than laughing in the face of cremation, was rewarded by the recovery of his sweetheart's shawl and bonnet, which, rather tattered, he returned to her with his scorched hands. The crowd, when it understood what he had done, cheered him warmly.

Police-officer Wilbasky was chiefly instrumental in the saving of Madame Carver, the fat woman. The officer saw her through two fainting fits, and at last managed to take her out of the fire's reach. Zola Lorenzo, the Albino; Clarence Dale, the big-headed boy, and the other curiosities were also rescued.

Mrs. Sarah Macks was sick in a room in one of the burning buildings. Dr. J. Z. Bergeron was attending her. When the poor woman realized the danger, she turned to the physician and said: "Doctor, you have a wife and family. Go! I will stay here. It is better for me to die than you." He wrapped his patient in a blanket, and carried her to a neighboring house, where, soon after, amid the roar of falling roofs and walls, he delivered her of a girl baby.

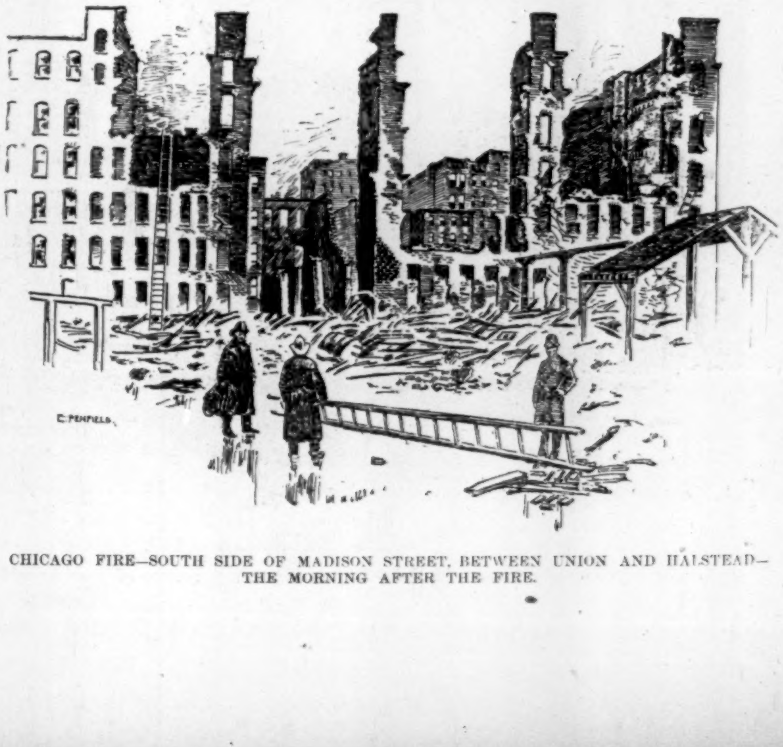


OFFICER PATRICK SHEEHY, WHO STOPPED THE PANIC IN THE MUSEUM AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE FIRE.

The fatalities were but two. C. H. Messenger jumped from an open window into the street to his death, and a thirteen-year-old boy lost his life by falling from a shed, from the roof of which he was watching the progress of the fire.

There was much fierceness in the flame, and the heat was extraordinarily intense. The varnished furniture and the oil in the Smyth establishment made good material, and produced a degree of heat that turned the water into steam, and that melted cast-iron and the gold and silver in the warehouse vaults as if they were of wax. The fire was not extinguished for several days, and the smoke shrouded the district in fog for almost a week. To subdue it in its start forty engines and three hundred firemen were called into service.

The conduct of these men was especially brave, and showed the most undaunted courage and indifference to pain. The walls and roofs of the buildings that hemmed them in were falling about them every moment, and the hot bricks and blazing rafters fell and rolled at their feet. Besides this danger from above was added the intense heat from the fire on either side of them, so that they were roasted more or less from the flames which rose within but a few rods of them, and which were unshielded by the fallen walls. As a usual thing the firemen engaged in fighting a fire have their backs unexposed, but the nature of this conflagration forced them to work in a valley of flame and under a constant shower of falling sparks and embers, if not of more weighty material. It is a coincidence that this, as well as the greater Chicago fire, was started in a stable.



CHICAGO FIRE—SOUTH SIDE OF MADISON STREET, BETWEEN UNION AND HALSTEAD—THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.

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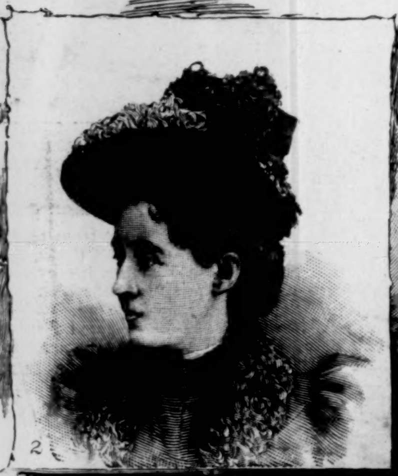

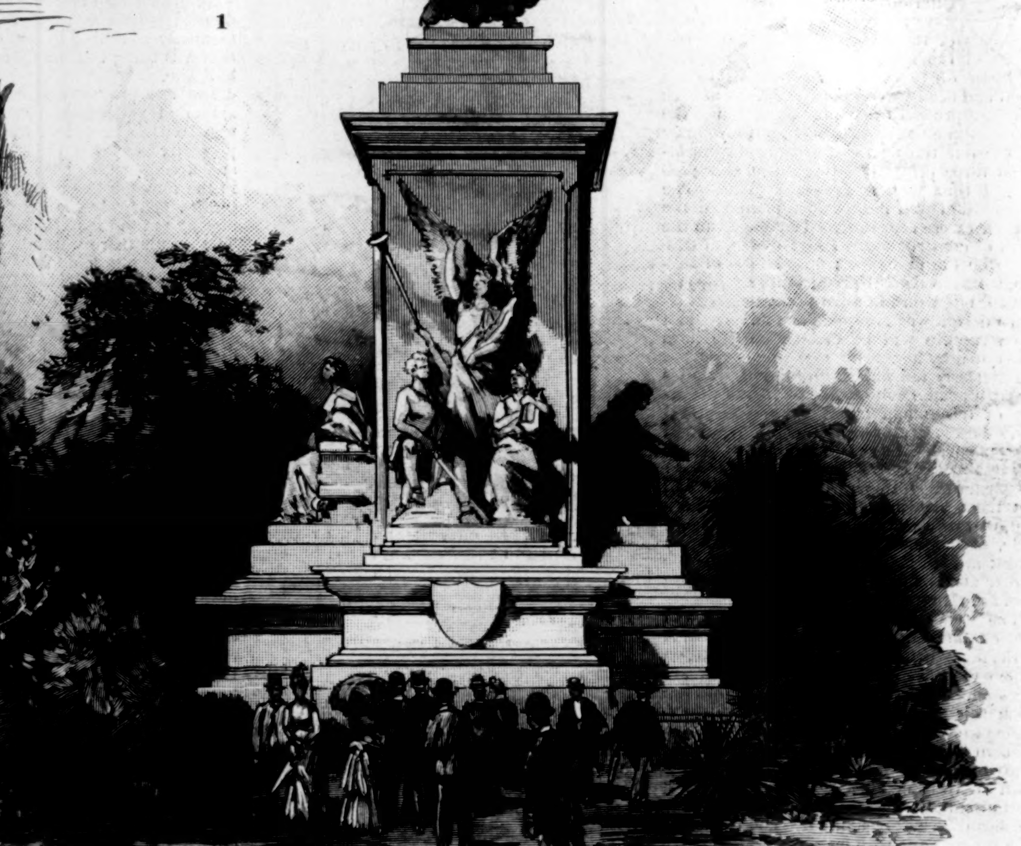

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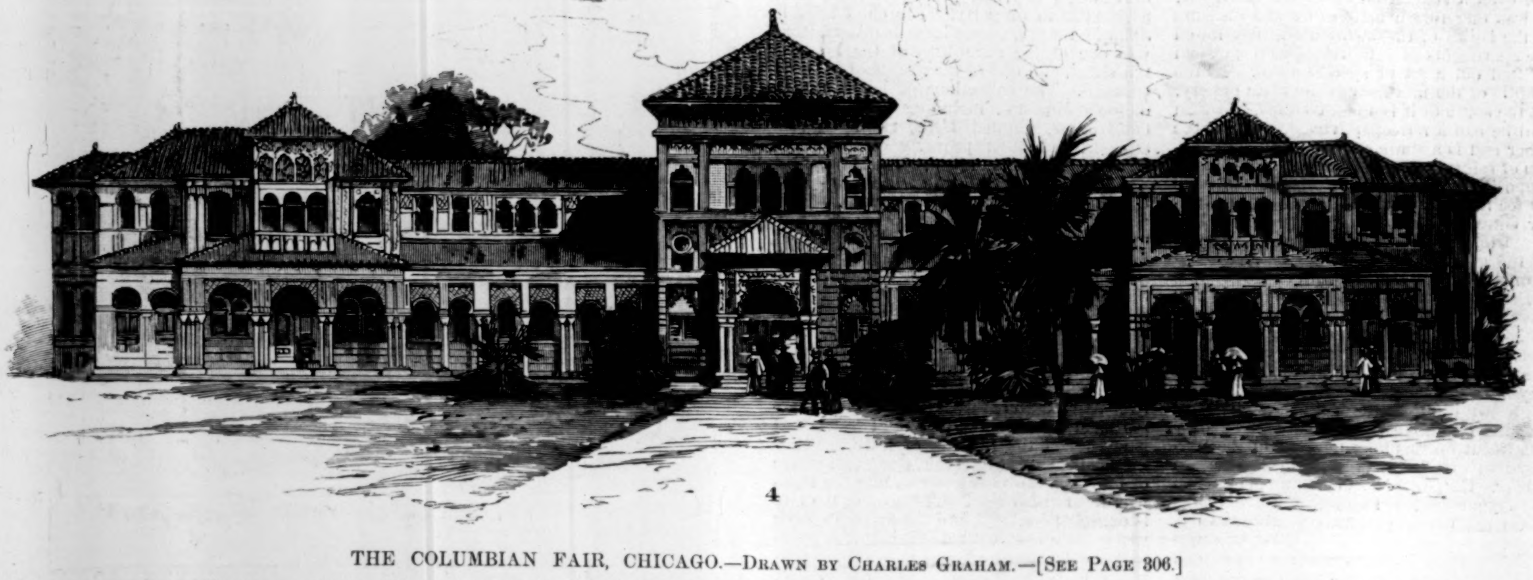

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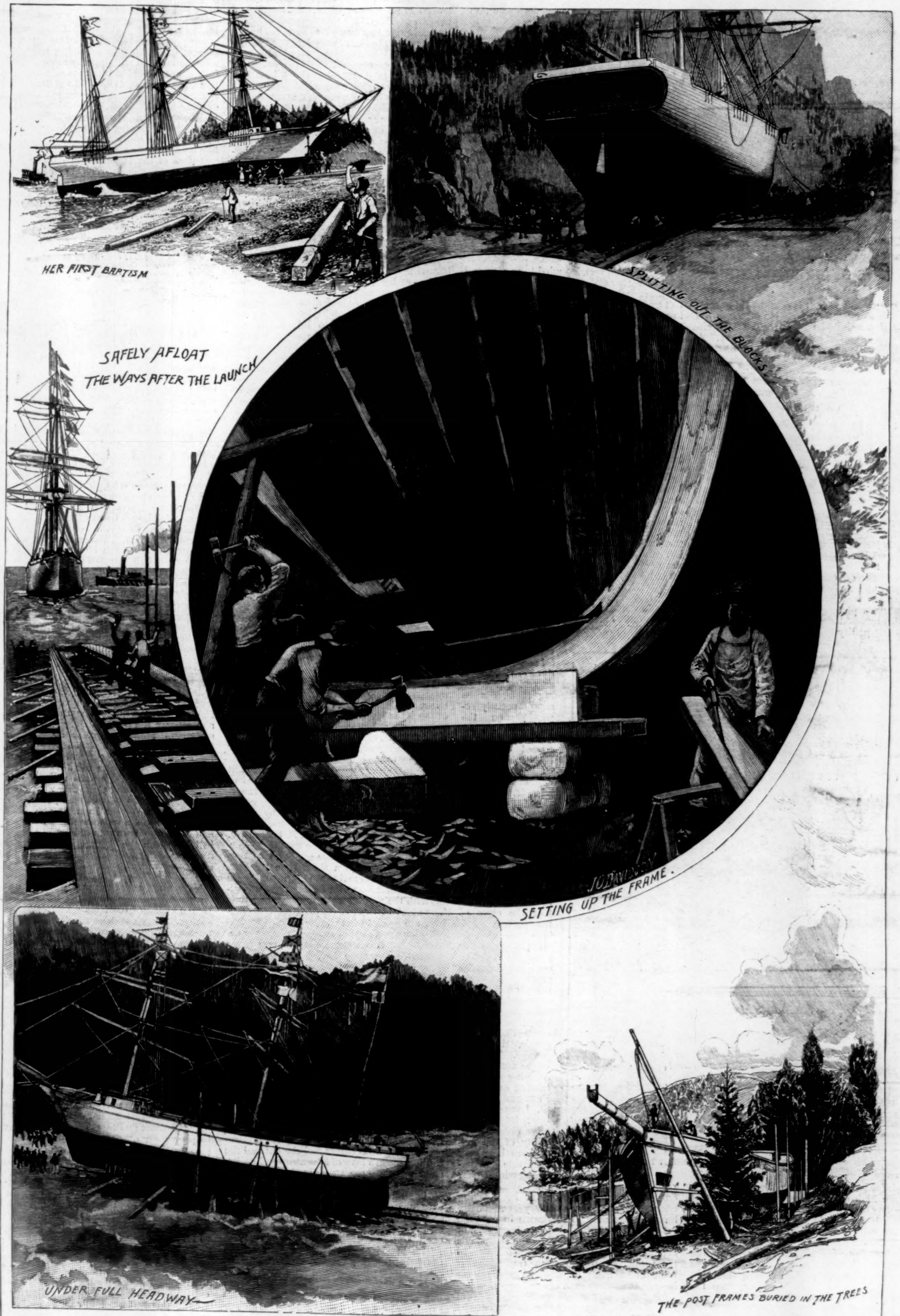
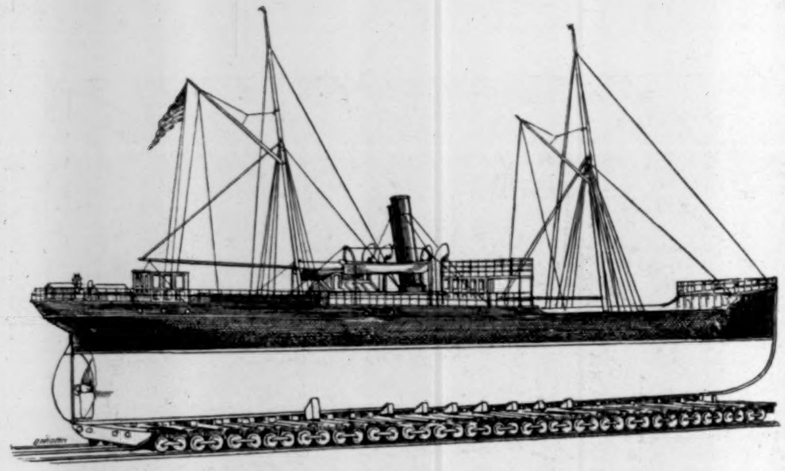
THE COLUMBIAN FAIR, CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 306.]

1. The Woman's Building. 2. Miss Minerva Parker (architect of the Queen Isabella Pavilion). 3. Columbian Monument (from a Photograph by Miss Garrity). 4. Queen Isabella Pavilion.


HER FIRST BAPTISM
SPLITTING OUT THE BLOCKS
SAFELY AFLOAT
THE WAYS AFTER THE LAUNCH
SETTING UP THE FRAME
J.O. DAVIDSON
UNDER FULL HEADWAY
THE POST FRAMES BURIED IN THE TREES

SHIP-BUILDING IN NOVA SCOTIA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 302.]

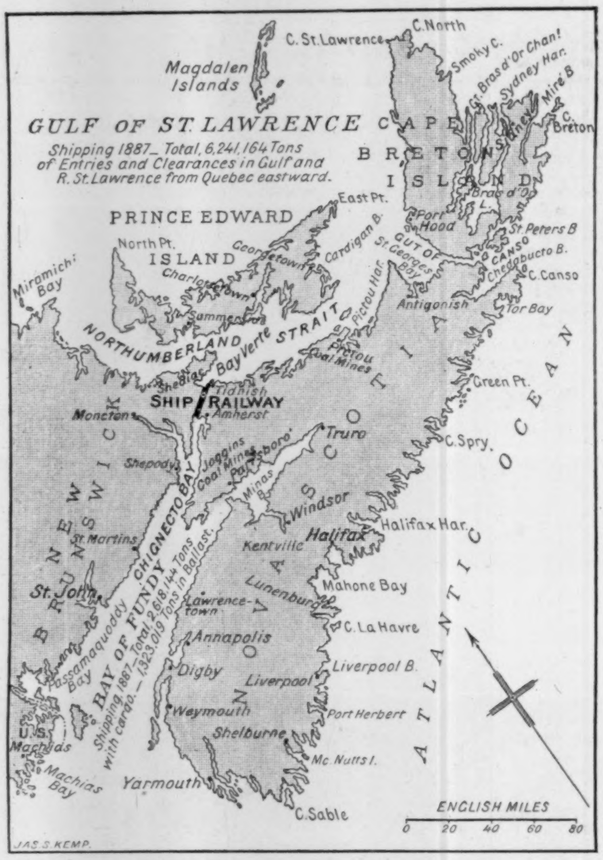


A SHIP IN POSITION ON THE RAILWAY.

THE CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.

The present year, it is confidently expected, will witness the completion of one of the most significant of modern engineering enterprises—the Chignecto Ship Railway. A glance at the accompanying map will show its location, on the isthmus joining the Canadian provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and may also convey some idea of its importance from a commercial standpoint. By its use, ships sailing between American or Bay of Fundy ports and Montreal, or other ports on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, will be saved a journey of 400 or 500 miles around the most dangerous coast of eastern North America, with a corresponding gain in time and expenses of every kind. The distance from Montreal to St. John, New Brunswick, for example, is, by the present route around Cape North, 1515 miles; by the ship railway route it will be but 930 miles, a saving of nearly 40 per cent.

The originator and promoter of the railway is Mr. H. G. C. Ketchum, a clever New Brunswick engineer, who himself has perfected the details, and is now in charge of the work of construction. A ship-canal across the isthmus was advocated for many years, but was given up in favor of Mr. Ketchum's plan, chiefly owing to the difficulties imposed on canal construction by the great inequality in tidal ebb and flow on opposite sides of the isthmus, the difference between high and low water being 48 feet at the Bay of Fundy end of the line, while on the gulf side it is but six.



MAP SHOWING THE SITUATION OF THE CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.

The railway extends in a perfectly straight line from Amherst, a rapidly growing town on the Bay of Fundy, to Tidnish, on the Strait of Northumberland, seventeen miles distant. The road-bed is so nearly level that it is possible to see from one terminus the masts of vessels lying at the other. The track is a double one, laid with specially heavy rails weighing 110 pounds to the yard. The culverts and bridges are of massive stonework, and the entire road as solid and substantial as human skill can make it. At each end of the line is constructed a receiving-basin, 500 feet by 300 feet, intended to receive and retain vessels pending transportation, and at the inner end of which is a lifting dock, 240 feet by 60 feet, built of solid masonry. Within each dock is a "gridiron," or section of track, that supports the cradle on which the ship is carried, and connected with which on each side are ten powerful hydraulic presses, capable of lifting cradle, vessel, and cargo to a height of 42 feet, or to the level of the main track.

The ship to be transported is brought from the outer basin into the lifting dock, and floated directly over the submerged cradle, which is then raised till the keel of the vessel rests on the blocks with which the cradle is provided. Bilge guards are next hauled in close to the vessel's sides, a rack with pawls at the back preventing any slipping. On the hydraulic presses being put in motion, the whole mass is raised to the level of the main track, to which it is then transferred, the entire operation occupying only about ten minutes. The cradle, with its load, is then transported by means of locomotives across the isthmus to the further terminus, where it is again transferred from the main line to the rails of the gridiron placed ready to receive it. This being then lowered to a sufficient depth, the vessel at once floats off, and steams or is towed into the outer basin, whence it continues on its voyage. A sufficient number of cradles and locomotives will be provided to enable vessels to be transported at short intervals, or two small schooners, like those ordinarily engaged in the coasting trade, can be simultaneously forwarded on the same cradle.

The railway is owned and controlled by a company of English capitalists, having at their head such world-famous engineers as Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker. Actual work of construction was commenced in the autumn of 1888, and the railway is to be completed before the close of the present year. The rate of tolls will probably average about fifty cents per ton on the gross weight, it being the aim of the company to make the cost of transportation about equal to that on canals, including towage. The very large amount of shipping already trading on Bay of Fundy and Gulf of St. Lawrence waters points to the almost absolute certainty of the railway proving a very profitable undertaking within a few years at the most, while the Canadian government has aided the work by granting liberal subsidies for twenty years. These, however, are only to be drawn in case the net annual proceeds of the railway do not amount to seven per cent. on the company's capital stock of $5,000,000. In addition to the ordinary revenue from transportation tolls, the company expects to derive a large income from the use of the railway as a dry-dock, for which purpose it offers exceptional advantages. Vessels can be side-tracked at any time. The working expenses of the railway will not exceed $150,000 annually, which would make a total income of only $500,000 necessary to insure the financial independence of the enterprise.

A RECEPTION AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN PARIS.

It was within a very short time after their arrival in the City of Light, on the banks of the Seine, in May, 1889, that the present American Minister to France and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid became, in the courtly language of the Gaulois' *Social Chronicler*, "very highly considered and very considerable personages in *tout* Paris;" in that "all Paris" which is a select social conglomeration, where the transient is often in the ascendent, and which is almost annually recruited and recreated from the aristocracies of wealth, of family, of learning, and of achievement the world over. Never had social Paris been more cosmopolitan and more brilliantly eclectic than during the spring and summer of the Exposition and centennial year. The walls about the Faubourg St.-Germain, though they have withstood in the past decades many a strong and subtlely devised onslaught, seemed to finally succumb to the levelling influences of the revolutionary fête. And so it happened that almost daily in the *salons* of the Faubourg M. le Colonel Cody, an exponent of triumphant democracy, was seen conversing with the Duc de Broglie, the last and somewhat lonely standard-bearer of feudalism in France; and the General Tcheng, a shining light of Confucianism, and wittiest of witty Celestials, might have been seen hobnobbing with Thomas Edison, the discoverer of the light which, though, like the lamp of the Chinese philosopher, it may sometimes fail, is nevertheless the glory of the New World. And, strange sight and striking lesson to the intolerant of all creeds and of every camp, it was granted us to behold on several occasions during this memorable social season his Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, a prince of the Church, in amiable converse with Felice Cavallotti, a poet of the proletariat, the leader of the Italian Radicals, with the terrible battle-cry of "Ni Dieu ni Maitre" engraven in symbolic red upon his standard.

Limitations of fortune or lack of the favorable opportunity have hitherto banished the American embassy to the Place des Etats Unis or to the Rue Galilèe. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was so lucky, however, as to find, on taking possession of his pleasant post, that the magnificent hotel of the Dukes of Gramont and of Guiche in the Avenue Hoche was vacant, and he immediately concluded the costly arrangements preliminary to leasing it. In the days of the Duke Agenor de Gramont, when the eagle of the Empire flew very high, when Paris, flushed with the easy victories of the Italian wars, danced and made merry at the expense of the few Cassandras who told of the coming of the Commune, this magnificent hotel on the Avenue Hoche was a favorite rendezvous of the elegant world. The De Gramonts have been monarchic in political faith since the days of Crecy and Poictiers, and unswerving servants of the King in all times; but 'tis said that a visit of the gracious Empress to these magnificent halls, and a walk through their spacious conservatories, placated completely their antipathy to the imperial *parvenu*.

The hotel is in the Norman style, and built out of the familiar white stone so typical of the home of the Grand Seigneur in France. It surrounds on two sides a spacious courtyard; large conservatories and roomy *remesis* complete the square. Our illustration presents an official reception *chez* M. le Ministre. Gifted in no ordinary degree with that somewhat rare and inestimable quality, social *savoir*, it required but a short time for Mrs. Whitelaw Reid to revive the glories of the De Gramont mansion as far as they are compatible with the republican era in which we live. The official receptions of the American minister are open to his countrymen. An application for a card of invitation is rarely denied to the travelling American, and never without some good and sufficient reason. Access to the *receptions intimes et dansantes* of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is naturally more difficult.

Here the fortunate recipient of a card will meet Madame Alphonse Rothschild, the leader of the smart set, and perhaps Madame la Princesse Mathilde, who from her undoubted influence in the Academy is known somewhat disrespectfully as the "Mother of Immortals." Surely, too, you will see Madame Diaz, the wife of the Mexican President and a dream of Southern beauty; and perhaps, too, you will have the good fortune to chance upon in the select throng Madame de Tredern, the celebrated blond beauty, who, if rumor belies its fame and for once speaks fairly, might have become the partner in General Boulanger's adventurous career had she but had the Gallic woman's love of adventure and excitement a little more strongly developed, and been contented with a civil contract before M. le Maire, which, owing to the continued existence of Madame Boulanger in the obscurity of Versailles, is all the marriage ceremony that the gallant General can offer any one.

The President and Madame Carnot have not infrequently graced these *receptions intimes* by their presence, and among the men of light and of leading that I remember to have met in the home of the American minister, I recall Baron Morenheim, the Russian ambassador, with his amusing affectation of deafness, an uninteresting infirmity which the Continental diplomat finds so useful at times; the recently deceased M. de Lafayette, the last of his distinguished line, so friendly to all Americans and so deserving of America; M. Floquet; Speeller; Dumas; Renan; Carolus Duran; Guzman Blanco; the Duke of Leuchtenberg; Lord Lytton; James Gordon Bennett; and Prince Bibesco.

On these occasions the first floor of the hotel, by a clever device of sliding-doors and removable walls, is converted into one magnificent ballroom, with adjoining reception, refreshment, and withdrawing rooms. Carefully concealed behind barriers of palms and ferns, the celebrated Garde Républicaine discourses the dance music. Roumanian *lantors*, or Hungarian Tsiganes, or Sevillian students, whichever group of exotic musicians is at the moment, witching Paris with novel melody, furnish the musical intermezzi, the fairy-like beauty of the scene is heightened by the soft glow of the incandescent electric lighting. The globes and prisms are covered with variegated silken shades, and as we walk hither and thither in the gay throng of distinguished men and beautiful women, the tone-color of the scene is ever changing with the shade lights and ever new.

AMATEVR · SPORT

The Harvard-Princeton base-ball series is definitely declared off. Harvard's Old Man of the Sea, the Graduate Advisory Committee, has sent word to Princeton that no series of games will be played. Before the end of this matter is reached I am of the opinion that this self-same Advisory Committee will wish it had followed the advice given in this column two weeks ago. In the mean time we should like the close attention of Mr. Old-Man-of-the-Sea Winslow and his base-ball advisers while we scan the future collegiate horizon a bit for their benefit. A little retrospection will give us a clearer understanding of the case. Ever since the foot-ball season of '89 the athletic relations between Harvard and Princeton have been more or less strained. At that time Harvard protested several of Princeton's players upon grounds of professionalism, and Princeton returned the compliment with vigor. The ensuing recriminations resulted in such bitterness of feeling that the foot-ball teams of these two colleges have not since met. The feeling extended even into base-ball, and there has been no meeting on the diamond.

Harvard has withdrawn from both these associations, advancing as a reason a certain rule passed by the Harvard Athletic Committee, in effect that the teams should not compete in contests outside of New England. In addition to this, Harvard has unofficially taken a position disapproving of associations—or, more correctly perhaps, the associations where the smaller colleges are concerned—even though she still continues as a member of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association. This brings us to the position as it was last year, Yale and Harvard being parties to a rowing agreement; Yale and Princeton belonging to the Foot-ball Association; Yale and Harvard and Princeton members of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, and no base-ball league existing. In base-ball last year Harvard and Princeton each played a separate series with Yale, and Yale won both sets of games. In foot-ball Yale won the championship of the Association, defeating Princeton, but was beaten by Harvard.

This year thus opened with an undetermined condition of affairs in all sports. By the action of the Harvard Athletic Committee, the track athletes will be permitted to remain in the association and compete in New York. A new boating agreement between Yale and Harvard recently signed has disposed of all anxiety regarding the race, being, as usual, a fixture of the summer at New London. Thus base-ball and foot-ball are the only two sports still lacking arrangements. For the latter there is time, but base-ball is the question of the hour.

Yale men thought last year it would be no great task to play two separate series, and undertook to do so. They finally succeeded in winning both sets of games, and although having an exceptionally strong nine, the contests were such as to open their eyes to the difficulties of the undertaking. Yale is therefore anxious to see her rivals upon the same footing as herself, *i. e.*, obliged to play each other. Harvard has already seen the advantage of playing only one strong rival, and desires to make no arrangement that shall compel her to meet Princeton willy-nilly during the season. Princeton, still a little anxious regarding the bugbear of a dual league between Yale and Harvard to her exclusion, has made strong efforts toward a series with both, and in the latter case gone so far as to agree to play in New England.

After arranging games with Princeton for two dates at Hartford, Connecticut, and the regular series with Yale, Harvard backs out of the Princeton contest, giving as excuse that her team will not be so far advanced in practice work as Princeton's, and consequently handicapped—an excuse that is not at all in accordance with facts. Thus at the very beginning of the season all is confusion.

Having now reviewed your work, Mr. Old Man of the Sea, we are in a position to become prophetic. To begin with, you may not have an idea how uncertain is the official soil upon which you stand; you may be ignorant of the ominous rumblings among the great body of undergraduates at Cambridge. The fact is, however, that your power is rapidly waning, that the undergraduates are beginning to fully realize in what a ridiculous position you have placed them. They have about arrived at the conclusion that in matters entirely concerning themselves they are quite as capable of managing as yourself, and certainly as much interested in their own welfare as you can be. They are beginning to think that inasmuch as they undergo all the hardship of training and do all the work, their wishes as to with whom they shall play ball should at least be given some consideration. They fear you have rather gotten it into your head that you are managing a team of professional players, whom you send hither and thither at will so long as you pay the salaries promptly. They believe, in other words, that they are playing base-ball for sport, and not to further your whims or youthful prejudices. Every member of the Harvard nine wants to play Princeton; fully seventy-five per cent. of the undergraduates are of a like mind. Therefore be warned in time, and beat a hasty retreat.

Yale cannot afford, for several reasons, to support Harvard's Advisory Committee in this matter. First, it would not be fair to the members of her nine to ask them to carry on practically two championship series in one season, with the possibility of an unsatisfactory ending. Second, by acquiescing in the whims of this youthful base-ball autocrat Yale practically becomes attached to the tail of that fickle Advisory Committee's kite, and at the mercy of whomsoever of the chosen few may be elected to pull the string. Third, Yale sportsmanship and good sense would be a misnomer if found countenancing this school-boy legislation. Yale must and will stand firm. She will good-naturedly, but firmly, give Harvard to understand that if she cancels her Princeton dates, she can do likewise with the Yale fixtures. There will be a great deal of bluffing at Cambridge, and possibly no base-ball series this year, but next season Harvard will knock at the door for entrance, having shaken the Old Man of the Sea from her shoulders, and regained her good sense.

The work of the Yale Crew very plainly shows the result of the Philadelphia trip, and yet when I looked the men over individually and collectively last week I was a bit disappointed; but only so because the glowing reports that had been circulated concerning their work on the Schuylkill had probably led me to expect too much. As a matter of fact, the crew is in much better shape than it was this time last year; not so fast, but working in better form. Last year at about this time Yale had the Atalanta race in prospect, and therefore the men made an effort early to get on speed. The work of the crew to-day, while nothing extraordinary, is certainly all that could be expected, taking everything into consideration. The men are mastering the rudiments—slowly, to be sure, but thoroughly—and the proverbial good sense of Yale is shown in the steady development of the raw material. There is a stiffness about the arm-work, and a general lack of cadence, and of that sympathy between the men which makes a crew fast. Their watermanship is better than their inboard work, both the slide and body swing being rather poor. There is yet a failure to get that grip on the water which gives the power, and the blade-work needs attention.

Simms at stroke has improved greatly since I saw him last, but there yet remains much for him to do. There is no reason why he should not improve his blade-work, and put a little more snap into his work generally. He gives one the impression of being better up forward, to follow some one else, than to set the pace himself. Hagerman at seven still gives evidence of having been brought up in another school of rowing, though he has shown great improvement. His catch is slow, there is a perceptible hang when his oar should be moving all the time, and he is rather stiff. Brewster, owing to his unfortunate and ill-timed sickness, has not been in the boat enough to be up to his old form. He has, indeed, lost so much time that it will necessitate hard work for him to reach his best form. His former work, however, is a guarantee of what he can do. Heffelfinger at five has improved very much—more, in fact, than any other man in the boat. He has entirely distanced Payne. His swing is not yet quite straight, and his body not under control, which gives one an impression that his weight is a trifle too much for him. But this great foot-ball rusher is going to make an oarsman, and a powerful one he will be.

Payne is a disappointment. He at first gave considerable promise of working into shape, but lately he seems to have been standing still. He bucks badly, cuts his swing short, and rocks about in a most deplorable manner. He has been pulling at four, but is by no means sure of the seat. Pond is another candidate who requires close and persistent coaching. At the present time he is working in poor form. He is stiff, can't straighten his arms, lacks reach and grace, is clumsy, and doesn't handle his slide properly. He finishes badly, and his watermanship is poor. Crosby cuts the stroke out badly, makes it too short, and fails generally to use his arms properly. Ely cannot control his slide, going down with a rush that ends in a jerk, hence drops over with his shoulders. Balliet, who has been at bow quite regularly, is the oldest man in the boat, and very strong. He is, however, too short, and is compelled to go out of form to keep in with the others. He has no reach, and goes back too far on the recover.

Mills has not recovered fully from the attack of the grippe he caught in Philadelphia; but he will probably be ready for work in a few days, and is likely to try for one of the seats in the bow of the boat. He was showing encouraging work just before getting sick. Ely has likewise been doing fairly well, and is likely to be tried at four. Gould, it is hoped, will get into form good enough to fill number two. At present he doesn't get on the power, puts too much of a rush on his slide, and there is a perceptible hang that spoils some otherwise fair work. He is an improving man. There is some talk of giving Stanley Morrison, the foot-ball player, an opportunity of showing what he can do in the boat, but nothing positive is decided. Morrison certainly has strength and endurance. Strokes seven, six, and five positions are decided upon, and will be filled by the names here given. The remaining four seats are uncertain, though the next two weeks will do a great deal toward developing material and settling the positions.

Captain Calhoun's accident makes the prospects of the Yale nine rather dubious. With him in command there is an even chance for winning; without him the result appears to be a foregone conclusion. Indeed, since he wrenched his shoulder, the team appears to have gone to pieces, and unless the men brace up greatly they will not be in the race. The exhibition they gave last week with Williams was very poor. In one of the games Stewart was laid up in the fifth inning, though not seriously. He would not have been any considerable loss, on that day at least, for he could not hit a balloon—nor, in fact, could any of the team—and made a rank muff of a low throw, which the scorers gave a wild throw, although palpably Stewart's error, as the ball was fully two inches off the ground. On first base Stewart has done fairly well. Case pitched in good form, although Poole gave him weak support.

It is very doubtful if Calhoun's shoulder will recover sufficiently for him to play second base this season; and Owsley, who has done fairly at third, is a sick man, and has been since he entered college. There are several men on the nine, veterans of last year, who should now, in the hour of Yale's need, come to the rescue, and steady up the raw material, which appears to be sadly in need of some such influence. McClung, the great foot-ball half back, will begin to play in a few days, and greatly strengthen the team. Last year he played at short. Bowers has been doing some very good work in the box. There is no excuse for the most of Harvey's errors; they come from sheer carelessness. Summing up;—the base running of the team is good all the way through; fielding, fair; but the batting is useless, faint-hearted, and babyish.

The game on Saturday with Brooklyn showed some improvement. Murphy demonstrated beyond question his claim to a permanent position on the team; his all-round play was very good, while the exhibition he gave of base running could not be excelled. Kedsie did very well on third. Bowers, if he continues improving as he has, will make a pitcher of considerable ability before the season ends. McClung made his first appearance of the season on first base, and shows the need of practice naturally. There was very little coaching, and it was miserable. The nine showed plainly the loss of its captain.

The Harvard nine continues to steadily travel the road of improvement. At the beginning of last week and in the preceding Saturday's game the men seemed to vie with one another in number of errors made, but immediately braced up, and have played strong ball in their last games. The candidates are showing great earnestness in their work. Cook has greatly strengthened his hold on third base, and Hallowell has played very good ball in his last games. The team is not without some drawbacks. Bates has the grippe, and Cobb, Cook, and Dean have very lame arms. Cobb has been doing great work behind the bat; he throws to second fairly, and in one match with Boston, last week, he caught as pretty a game as one would wish to see. One of the out-field positions yet remains a toss-up between Alward and Dickinson; both have shown improved form, especially the former, in one of the games in the Boston series. Hallowell has played a first-class game at centre, and done some very effective work.

The Polo handicaps for this season have not yet been given out, but the number of entries for the schedule of games published several weeks ago in this column shows that the growing interest will raise the standard this year very materially. The general play of the men last season was better than that of the preceding year; and this fact has necessitated new handicapping, based on the play of last year. The Polo Association had a meeting last week, and discussed the advisability of using a larger ball than has been used heretofore. The Englishmen play with a ball 3¼ inches in diameter, much larger than has been seen here. A committee has been appointed to look into the matter, and balls of 3, 3⅛, and 3¼ inches in diameter respectively will be tried.

The effort sportsmen are making to pass a bill through the Legislature prohibiting the building of any railroad through the Adirondack region should have the earnest support of all citizens of New York. This is by no means a matter that concerns sportsmen only; it interests every man in this State. We want the North Woods set apart as a public park, and protected as such. Once allow an invasion to be made in the Adirondacks, and the place will rapidly become infested with all manner of schemes of the summer-resort fiend. To-day the Adirondacks is practically the only spot comparatively near us where we can go for a bit of pure air and gentle sport. More than this, the sanitary value of the North Woods district is very great. The building of a railroad through this section means the extinction of its glories. There is already one railroad in existence there, and it has proved quite equal to the demands upon it. One grand lesson has been given soulless schemers by the crushing out of the faithless Forest Commissioners; cannot another equally good be administered the projectors of land and railroad schemes in this breathing-spot of New York.

Good trout-fishing need not be expected this summer in the Blue Ridge and Alleghany mountains, for the recent heavy rains have played sad havoc with the finny tribe. The rainfall in the South has been without precedent, and the mountain streams have filled the rivers, and either scattered the trout, or killed them by their being left on the lowlands and swamps by the receding waters. The same fate has befallen that game fish the black bass. Every river south of Baltimore and Washington has been overflowing its banks continuously for the past two months. Long-continued spring freshets are disastrous to the fish. On the other hand, all kinds of game in the South have wintered nicely. Bob White is likely to be in great abundance next fall.

Mr. B. S. De Garmendia fully justified the prediction of this column by winning for the second time, last Saturday, the amateur racquet championship. His game with Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., on the Wednesday preceding had to some extent shown in what fine form he was playing, but it remained for the final match with Mr. J. S. Tooker to demonstrate his consummate ability at racquets. The surprising form displayed by Mr. Tooker several weeks ago, when he defeated Mr. De Garmendia for the club championship, had won him many supporters in the greater event, and it is only fair to him to say that he proved himself full worthy of the confidence of his admirers. He played a steady, strong game, showing good judgment, and putting on speed that would have worn out a less formidable opponent. As for Mr. De Garmendia, his form was superb—not an error, not an opportunity lost. His service was very severe, and so skilful as to make the balls "die away" in the angles of the court; his placing was a lesson in racquets. He won three straight games in thirty-five minutes. Score, 15–7, 17–16, 15–5.

Caspar W. Whitney.

THE DOWNS QUARTER-MILE RECORD CONTROVERSY.

The Downs record case will go down to posterity as the most remarkable piece of bungling in athletic history. The New York Athletic Club, of which Downs is a member, exhibited bad management at the trial last July, and since that time has shown an unprecedented indifference by its feeble attempts to have the grand performance recognized. Probably the most astonishing side of the matter, however, has been the ease with which a few insignificant seekers for cheap notoriety have been able to raise so much discussion. To clearly understand this case a bit of retrospection is necessary.

On July 9, '90, Downs made an attempt on the Beacon Park race-track, Boston, to lower the quarter-mile record of 47¾ seconds, held by Wendell Baker. The trial was arranged by the New York Athletic Club, and three men of experience in such matters went down to Boston from here to take charge of the affair. There associated with them several other men of like experience in Boston. The track was measured by four of their number, and checked at each length of the tape. Timers were stationed at the 400-yard mark as well as at the finish, and Mr. Downs ran the distance, reaching the 400-yard mark in 43 seconds, establishing the world's record for that distance, and breasting the tape at the 440-yard mark in 47⅖ seconds.

Downs ran very strong, so strong that G. P. Cogswell, an old Harvard athlete, with a record under two minutes for the half-mile, who acted as pace-maker from the 220 mark (which Downs reached in 23½ seconds), although starting fresh, had all he could do to keep in the lead. Mr. Cogswell declared himself astonished at the speed Downs showed in the last 220 yards. The spectators of the run included a number of Harvard and club men, and some of that professional element always to be found in the vicinity of race-tracks. At the conclusion of the trial all the officials agreed on the authenticity of the performance, and no dissenting voice was heard. Before Downs ran, J. C. Hemment, who was on the grounds representing me, photographed him on his mark at the start, a copy of which is reproduced in illustration "A." Hemment then went down to the 440-yard mark, and caught an instantaneous photograph of Downs finishing and within about nine feet of the tape, which is reproduced in cut "A 1." It may be stated, in order to throw further light on subsequent occurrences, that while the track was being measured, and, in fact, during the trial, the professional element among the spectators was very generous with advice and suggestions that were neither solicited, required, nor regarded.

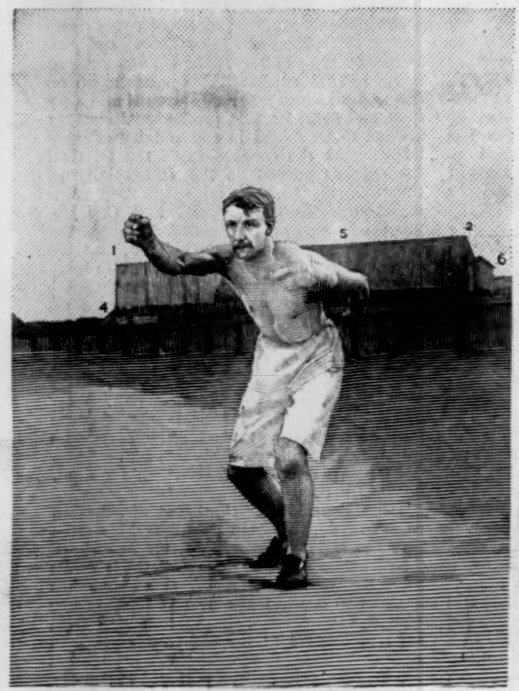
The day following the event a sensation was created by a declaration from this source that the course Downs had run was short. Among other equally trustworthy reasons put forth, was one that a workman had drawn a line across the track 20 feet back of the true finish, over which the tape had been held instead of at the 440-yard mark, and that another workman had cut a notch in the fence where Downs actually did finish, and that this was short of the prescribed distance. Now it was really remarkable that an ignorant laborer—a common every-day dirt-heaver—should have exhibited so great an interest in this event, and such preternatural discernment of future complication, as to first of all obliterate the 400-yard mark, and then, with an ingenuousness worthy of transcription, to draw a line across the track 20 feet back of the true finish line, making the arrow-heads, etc., exactly like that at the finish. Next, with a flash of forethought positively bewildering, he cuts a notch in the fence where it is claimed Downs finished; and finally, this astonishing dirt-heaver, with a rare appreciation of the reward to come, surrounds his labors with Cimmerian darkness until the following day.

The cry of wolf having been raised, the trainer of one of Boston's athletic clubs and several members of the same club added their voices to the alarm, and have never lowered them since. I may dispose here of this trainer's testimony when I say that though he has proclaimed the loudest that Downs finished 20 feet short, he was about a quarter of a mile away when Downs breasted the tape. So much for him. Now for the other claims. At the beginning of the hubbub these sensation-breeders declared that Downs could not have run the last 40 yards in the time which a comparison of the 400 and 440 yard figures shows must have been done. Downs finished strong, as the instantaneous photograph (cut "A 1") shows; and to cover 40 yards in that condition from a flying start in 4⅖ seconds would be nothing remarkable. This disposed of, the detractors fell back on the 20-foot line drawn by the obliging laborer, and dilated long and positively on this having been the place where Downs finished. When the instantaneous photograph of the finish was developed, lo and behold! there was the 20-foot line in the background showing clearly behind Downs, as shown here in cut "A 1."

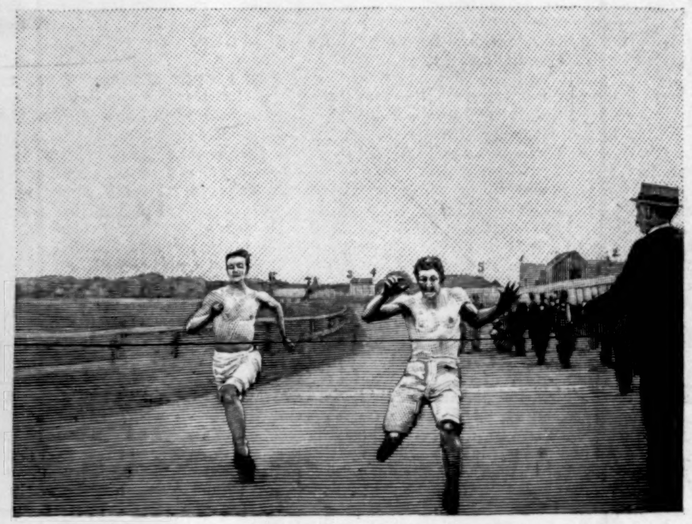
The wise men of the East, however, had followed their star too long to confess it a will-o'-wisp. A claim was at once made that the negative had been "doctored"—that the line had been drawn on the negative, the deluded contingent, in its ignorance, not knowing that a line drawn on the negative would show in *front* of Downs. To answer all claims, however, no matter how improbable, the negative was taken by Mr. W. B. Curtis, editor of *The Spirit of the Times*, and myself to photographic experts in this city, who made an affidavit, signed and sworn to before a notary, that the negative had not been doctored, and that the line was taken simultaneously with the other objects in the picture.

The one remaining straw now was the notch in the fence. After its parentage had been put upon several, it was finally acknowledged by John Graham, who said he cut it the day *after* the event. Graham held a watch at the *400-yard mark*. Remember, the first claim was that a laborer standing at the *finish* cut the notch *immediately* after Downs finished. Notch, line, and theory gone, the chairman of the Boston contingent, known generally as the Latter Day Investigating Committee, launched into mathematics, and absolutely lost himself, his supporters, and his cause; the cultured Hub could no longer prove faithful to a standard raised on ignorance. From that day to this we have heard no more theories on the Downs record. Not one point raised by the opposition has been substantiated, while that instantaneous photograph remains intact.

I have entered into the details of this performance, that the entire country may have the absolute uncolored facts, and realize to what extremes the detractors of this record have gone to gain their point. One of the greatest athletic feats ever accomplished by man has been near being lost to him and the athletic world through the machination of a few soulless creatures. Men have gone out

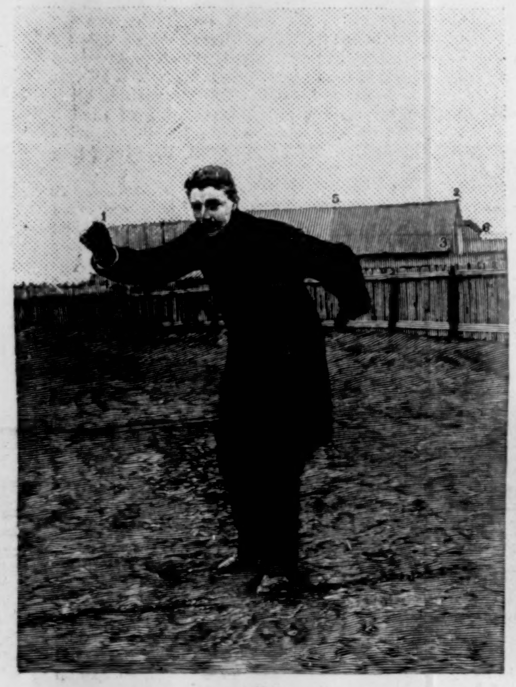


"A"

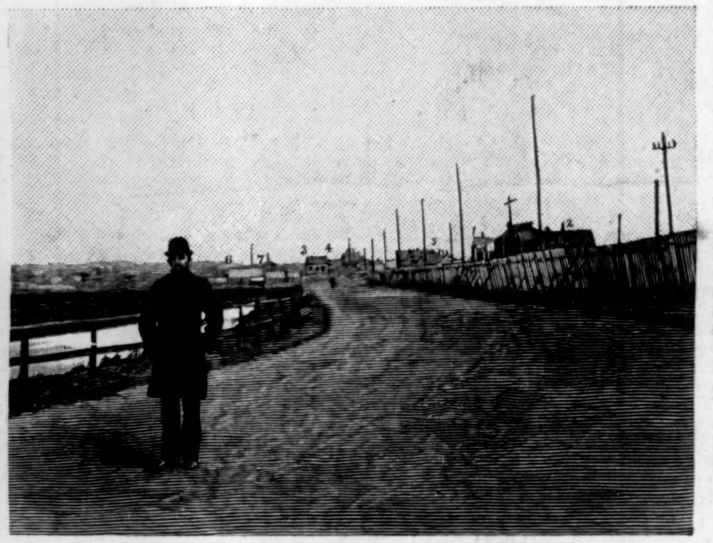


"A 1"

of their way to actually lie away this record, and, what is worse, they might have succeeded had it not been for a little forethought on our part—and a camera.



"B"



"B 1"

Two weeks ago the New York Athletic Club aroused itself, after nine months of slumber, and sent J. C. Hemment to Boston to corroborate if possible the photographs taken by him on the day of the performance. If there have been any that still honestly doubted the genuineness of this 440-yard record, these photographs, made public in this issue for the first time, should entirely settle the matter in their minds. They absolutely prove that the place from where Downs started and that where he finished were 440 yards apart, and that he is clearly and undeniably entitled to the 47⅗ seconds record he made on July 9, '90.

"A" is the photograph of the "start," taken on the day the record was made. "A 1" is the photograph of the finish, taken on the same day. "B" is a photograph taken April 6, '91, which Hemment claims is the same as "A" by the following measurements:

From 1 to 2 on "A" is the same as from 1 to 2 on "B."
" 3 " 4 " "A" " " " 3 " 4 " "B."
" 2 " 3 " "A" " " " 2 " 3 " "B."
" 5 " 2 " "A" " " " 5 " 2 " "B."
" 4 " 2 " "A" " " " 4 " 2 " "B."
" 6 " 1 " "A" " " " 6 " 1 " "B."

The same number of posts are visible on "A" as on "B" along the fence line, and the same post which is in line with the end of the barn in "A" is also the same in "B." The reason the height of Downs is not alike in both is because the pose in "setting" is not the same; but measuring from his chin to the crown of his head, it will be found that "A" and "B" are precisely the same.

"C" shows where Downs would be if he had started from where the opposition claim he did, and which is 440 yards from the "F" marked on the fence at the finish. Downs said, when he placed himself on this mark (April 6, 1891), that he was positive he did not start from there, as it would throw him out of a direct line, down the track beside the fence; and as every one knows he ran in this straight line, to declare he started here is absurd.

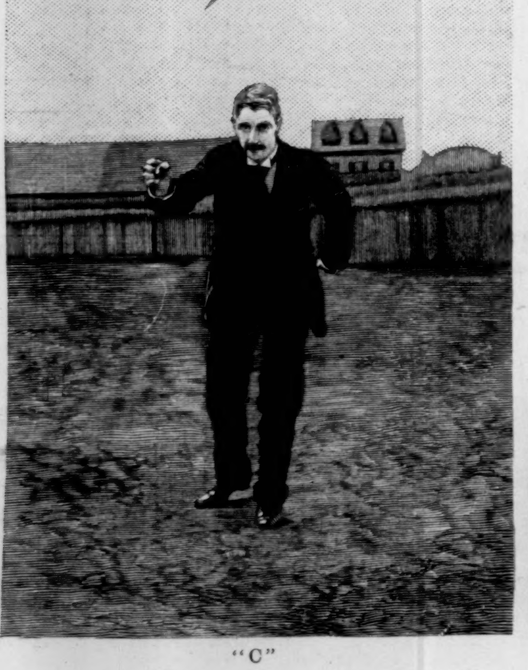
"B 1" was taken on the same day as "B," and Mr. Hemment claims is an exact reproduction of "A 1" by the following measurements:

From 1 to 2 on "A 1" is the same as from 1 to 2 on "B 1."
" 1 " 7 " "A 1" " " " 1 " 7 " "B 1."
" 6 " 2 " "A 1" " " " 6 " 2 " "B 1."
" 5 " 2 " "A 1" " " " 5 " 2 " "B 1."
" 3 " 4 " "A 1" " " " 3 " 4 " "B 1."
" 6 " 7 " "A 1" " " " 6 " 7 " "B 1."
" 5 " 4 " "A 1" " " " 5 " 4 " "B 1."

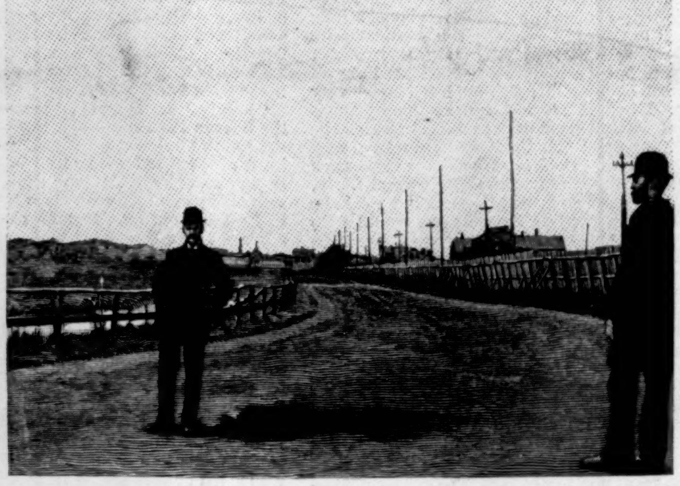
The height of Downs in "A 1," "B 1," and "C 1" shows that he is the same distance from the lens in each case, which is 31 feet, and nine feet from the finish. The fence runs in a direct line with the house in the background.

From the start in "B" it is 440 yards to the finish in "B 1," which must be the same in "A" and "A 1," as the points mentioned correspond, and the telegraph poles have the same position on the chimney between points 1 and 2. This is not true on "C 1," which by comparison will be seen to be much smaller than on "A 1" and "B 1." "C 1" is where the opposition claim Downs should have finished, as it is the site of that remarkable "F" cut in the fence. But it is claimed he finished 20 feet short of this line, which is correct, as the start is about 20 feet further toward the barn, which brings the camera nearer the background objects, and makes their size the same in "A 1" as in "B 1." As all these marks in and along the fence were made the day after the trial, they are of no little value. These photographs were all taken with the same lens. Hemment stood on the track when he took "A 1" and "B 1," but had to get back on the grass close to a fence to take "C 1." Mr. Hemment says that one of the newspaper men had his camera ten or fifteen minutes trying to get Downs in the same position on the barn in "C" as Hemment has in "A" and "B," but could not do it. Now let the Record Committee of the Amateur Athletic Union do its duty, and order Mr. Downs's medal.

Caspar W. Whitney.



"C"



"C 1"

ONE MIGHTY TRUTH,

Far more immutable than the laws of the Medes and Persians, is this: Health is the blessing, priceless above all others. Without it who shall succeed? Small ailments, temporary indigestion, constriction of the bowels, a chill, inactivity of the kidneys, may, ay, do culminate disastrously. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters checkmate these in short order.—[*Adv.*]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S LINES TO WASHINGTON—DISCONTINUING EXTRA FARE CHARGES.

The business man, the tourist, the pleasure-seeker, or the traveller to southern points beyond, all have in the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with its vestibule Pullman sleeping, dining, buffet, and parlor cars forming the equipment of its fast express trains to Baltimore and Washington, the medium for comfort, speed, and safety. The announcement made by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company that on and after Wednesday, April 15th, the extra fare charges on the New York and Washington limited trains, leaving New York week-days at 10.10 A.M., and Washington, D. C., at 9.40 A.M., respectively, and Philadelphia at 12.35 P.M. for Washington and 1.06 P.M. for New York, would be withdrawn, has brought forth favorable comment from the travelling public.

The trains are composed of Pullman vestibule parlor cars, carrying Pennsylvania Railroad-dining car, and the only additional fare is a nominal one charged by the Pullman Company.

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GLIMPSES OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

Second Paper.

SOMETIMES the *Florence Annie*, on which our party travelled, would consider it wise policy to leave the regular channel of the Darling and cut across country to save a horseshoe bend, and once she did it to get out of the way of a steamer, whose name I have forgotten, but I think it was the *Eliza Jane*. The history of the *Eliza Jane* was peculiar. Before we left Bourke, the proprietor of the hotel said: "You'll very likely meet the *Eliza Jane* coming up the river. I sent by her to Adelaide for a load of lumber three years ago, and she is just bringing it up now. She went down all right, but the river got them on her way back, and she had to stop short. So the captain turned her nose into the bank, tied her up, and they ran her as a saw-mill for three years." And this historic and adaptable boat we met on our journey. So certain was it of its right of way that it seemed eminently anxious to interfere with the bows of the *Florence Annie*. It was the habit among the Seven afterward to say that the officers of the *Eliza Jane* had been indulging in shearer's joy, but of that I am not certain. The nervous affidavit of the captain of the *Florence Annie* could not be sufficient warrant. He was prejudiced, and he appeared to think in lurid patches. But the tale of the *Eliza Jane* ends not here. When, with a Damascian sarcasm, our captain asked the other captain what was the matter with him and his floating coffin, he was coarsely bade to wait till he got to Grath. Grath is not the real name, but it protects the inhabitants. We arrived there the following day. The hotel-keeper, the children, and Lukes the King of Grath were sober. From the hotel-keeper we learned that Lukes the King had sent to Adelaide three years before by the *Eliza Jane* for a granite monument, that Grath should have a piece of architecture—which, indeed, it seemed sorely in need of—and that his two "dear departed wives" might have some visible token to their sacred memory. But we know what chanced to the *Eliza Jane*, and while the people of Grath waited for the monument, which was to be accompanied by a function, the drought went on. Lukes the King married again. But the marriage baked meats were hardly cold when the floods came, and with it the *Eliza Jane* and the monument. Lukes the King was not dismayed. He had the function. The third wife declared the stone well and truly laid; and in the evening a banquet was held, at which Lukes the King toasted "the dear departed" in florid eloquence, coupling with the toast the name of his third wife. And thus Grath got its architecture, and, as Lukes put it, "the by-gone partners of his bosom could now rest in pride beneath the sands of Grath." When the boat stopped, it was Lukes the King of Grath that led me to ask with him a question which involves a tale of what is grimly grotesque in Australian existence. It is given here because, more than pages of general description, it suggests life in the back blocks.

Early in the eighties a traveller lost his way in the great scrub land beyond the Dunlop Range. He could find no water; he could find no station. Perhaps he wandered round and round a circle, ever coming back, with the weird fatality of lost travellers, to the same spot again; returning to his fate, like a murderer to the place of his crime. Far and wide stretched a stricken land. The glare of a hard and pitiless blue overhead; the endless vista of salt-bush, brigalow, stay-a-while, and mulga; the creeks but stretches of stone, and no shelter from the shadeless gums—these only meeting his eye. To quench his thirst, he killed his dying horse and drank its blood. That night, as the sun was setting over the gray bastions of malee scrub, a boundary rider found him. But it was too late; reason had fled first, and now he was cold, never again to be warm, in a land of a thousand furnaces. In his pockets were five shillings. The boundary rider took them, and at the township to which he was going he gave the five shillings to a Sundowner (a tramp); for bushmen are superstitious, and he would not keep the money or spend it. The Sundowner was found on the plains months after, dead, in a clump of yellow wattles, and on him were those five shillings. The two stock-riders that found him came to Grath, passed through it on foot, and struck off to a station where they were to work. They, too, were found—one hanging to an iron-bark tree, the other dead beneath. The man who found them was a roustabout for Lukes the King of Grath. He became possessed of the five shillings. Lukes advised him to throw them in the river. But he was a new hand, he had no superstitions, and he went off next morning to carry a message to the back station twenty miles away. But ere he got there the floods came and covered the land, and he was never seen again, nor any trace of him. He might be lost for generations in a country where one man leases a thousand square miles of land, and has but one sheep to ten acres. Where are those five shillings?

BURKE'S CAVE.

There is no more suggestive spot in Australia than Burke's Cave, of which I spoke in my first paper, and which, in company with the superintendent, I visited at night. The stars are palpitating in the blue; near by is the pawing of newly harnessed horses. Around us is the voiceless Australian plain and a dark heavy line of cheerless forest. Within the cave a dog lies asleep on some bags of chaff. The superintendent holds up the slush-light, and runs it along the hundreds of names carved on the hard wall. But Burke's initials, smoked, obliterated, are entirely vanished. "Here they were," says the superintendent. "Years ago I saw them here, but they are gone." And here in this cave there comes to our minds the statue in Melbourne of the young, refined, and noble-minded Wills; the brave, vigorous, and enthusiastic Burke; and the memory of the generous and devoted Gray.

And standing there in the cave, one might be pardoned for a misty eye, as the thought rises of the awful mockery that followed them as they crept on from post to post, to be a sacrifice to their own victory at the last; to fall victims to the unforgiven act of that some one who blundered. Sitting on the box-seat of the coach, I had read out loud to the superintendent, to Jim the driver, and the policeman, the tale of the lives of Burke and Wills from the Rev. G. Grimm's excellent book of the Australian explorers. Jim was not likely to be moved easily in the emotions, but he gulped a little as the tragedy neared its end. The warrigals in the traces rattled on, shoeless and untamed; the wheels rumbled over the aching ground; the voice of the reader rose through the dust. Silent and grave were these men of the plains as the words fell that told of the burial of poor Gray, and the return of the leaders to the spot on the Barcoo where they had ordered the rear-guard to stay. But Wright, the subordinate in whom their hope lay, had never come. There were three of them to face death—Burke and Wills and the faithful follower King. But let Mr. Grimm tell the end in his own pathetic way: "On the second day Burke succumbed, and felt his end to be near. He was a brave man, yet he shrank from dying alone, and he entreated King to stay with him till all was over. His dying request was religiously observed by his trusty friend, who held him in his arms until he breathed his last. Then King returned to Wills. It was all peace, for he too lay quietly asleep in the arms of death. Beside his body lay his journal, in which he had made his last entry with a trembling hand, noting the aspect of the weather, and added, with a stroke of pleasantry even yet, that he was just like Mr. Micawber, 'waiting for something to turn up.'" Behind me the policeman turned his head away; the superintendent had his hand to his forehead, as if he were scanning the plains; a whip went sharply across the flanks of the leaders, and Jim said, in a husky voice, "It was all along of that —— Wright."

What country can show a history of heroic exploration like to this? None; for in none was the problem of travel so great, so ominous. And in this cave one thought, too, of Sturt, who had passed through these wilds on his way to Rocky Glen at Mount Poole, where he and all that were with him suffered as suffer the damned. Later it was my lot to travel over his very course, and to see a country where only an inch of rain had fallen in eighteen months. From the door of this cave such a vista of vicissitudes, such a marvel of achievement stretches out as must amaze all who attempt to scan it. "Up there," says the superintendent, pointing to the ravine, "is the grave of one of Sturt's followers. But the name is gone from the stone." One bright star was shining over the place, as if in immortal guard over the forgotten pilgrim.

IN THE DRY SEASON.

A traveller draws near a station homestead. His feeble horse pulls itself together for another effort, and whinnies as from the homestead he sees a solitary brombie in a paddock just ahead. At the right hand is a water-tank—a great hole dug in the ground—filled eighteen months ago by rain. Hundreds of sheep lie dead and dying round it, and thousands stench the plains. The sheep have either died in reaching the tank, or, getting to it, have plunged in, and have then perished, too weak to get up the bank again. Phalanxes of sated crows stand in line upon the bank, a black and menacing barricade, and kites and magpies hover overhead.

The traveller has passed empty wells, and has shuddered at the tales told him in some shepherd's hut where he sought shelter. He nears the homestead; he dismounts, and enters the garden, kept alive by a woman's hand till water ran low; then she forsook it sadly, this one touch of her past now withered and dead. Is there no one here? Is it, too, a scene of tragedy, with human victims? No; and yet tragedy, too. To a sharp "Coo-e-e," there comes an answering call, and the manager appears at the door, a bearded, gruff, but kindly soul, and over his shoulder peers the face of a woman, sad and drawn. The great exhaust pipes of nature in that burning land soon take the bloom from the cheek and the light from the eye. A shake of the hand, a "my word" of apostrophic welcome, and the traveller says, "How goes the unlucky game?"

With a swift sigh of relief and a sudden uplifting of the arms, comes the reply: "The last lamb is dead. Thank God, that's off my mind!" And then he said, "Come out and see how things look." Outside he added: "We were just going to plant a Sundowner when you coo-e-ed. Didn't want to say anything about it before the missus." Then he told the oft-repeated record of a wanderer creeping to the very threshold and safety, and then dying, his hand upon the gate of that little withered garden.

By the grave they stand, the manager with a Bible in his hand, a Book rarely used by him, perhaps, but reverenced after his fashion, and necessary now. He wishes the traveller to "do it over the cold 'un," but the traveller declines. With coarse fingers blundering through the leaves in an uncertain kind of way, the manager began to read at random from Ecclesiastes. A half-dozen verses gruffly fall, and then the words come:

> "'For what hath man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun.
>
> "'For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity.'"

Then he closed the Book, and said: "Well, he was a goner afore he was a comer, and I don't know as there's need to pitch a long yarn. He hadn't much for his labor under the sun, and a hot sun it is up here at 110° in the shade. He came a long way over the country rock. He hadn't a drop in his water bottle, nor a bit of damper in his swag. He'd got his fingers on the slip rails, and was within coo-e-e of drink and tucker, when he went out sudden to the Never-never Land, and went it alone. He couldn't have had much vanity, not with them features; but, my word! the Lord knows all about that. I hope if he gets as near to the homestead gate up there as he did down here last night, though he isn't very fit, one of the hands will see him and open it, and let him in, even if it has to be on the sly. It was at night he got here, and in the morning we found him; it's at night we cover him, and rest or no rest, he'll not have to work in the morning. There isn't a place that's hotter than here, and *this* one ain't sent to that quod for punishment. Let him down easy and slow.... Drop in his shiralee and water bag by him.... That's right. Scatter some sandal leaves over his face.... Now scrape in the country sand.... The dingoes can't touch him there....What's that you've put on the board, Jim? 'A Sundowner: Gone.' And God forgive him wherever he's gone.... 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Amen." And another of several such tragedies that the traveller saw was hidden away, a nameless refugee of misfortune in a nameless grave.

And now it is midnight, and the manager and the traveller, with pipes aglow, sit and blow away dark anticipations. Before the wife had slipped away she had said, in response to the manager's doubts of their being able to hold out for a week longer, to this announcement that Shady Jack's well was done, and that the Frenchman's tank was empty, "Hope for the best." And the manager, through a cloud of smoke, replied, "My oath! but the best things never come off." To this the wife replied, "Yes, Dick; but the worst things never come off." Night after night this man had walked this room, alternating between prayers and curses, as each day's record was another thousand sheep gone, another empty well, until at last he came to this apathetic endurance, to the grim courage of despair.

"I shouldn't care so much," he said, "but then my wife, my girls, in there." He drew his sleeve roughly across his eyes, and bowed his head on the table. For ten minutes he sat there so. Then the traveller saw him raise his head, start, spring to his feet, listen with strained inquiring eyes. What was that? Something pinged on the corrugated roof above us. "Rain! rain! rain!" he cried, as he rushed out-doors, and fell on his knees, with his hands stretched out toward the gathered sky. "Thank God! thank God! Wife! girls! Mary! rain!"

The floodgates of the sky were opened, and ere morning came the traveller was helping to put up a dyke on one side of the house. And the march of destruction was stayed.

IN PLEASANT PLACES.

"That car goes to Paradise," said a lady to Principal Grant and myself in the pretty streets of Adelaide.

There was a touch of sublimity in the pause that followed, and then some one said:

"Let us go. We may never get another chance for threepence."

The lady hastened to remark that Paradise was a suburb of Adelaide. Quickly grew the thought of how modest Adelaide has been. It had never obtruded this thing upon the world. It had never claimed any special privileges because Paradise was within its corporation.

We were ready to fold our tents, invest our threepence, and steal away. But we were again pleasantly told that this was but an imitation Paradise—an Adelaidian Paradise. And going to Tasmania, to that quaint and antique land of the south, the tram guard called at intervals, after passing Lake Tiberius, "Jericho" and "Jerusalem." But we bound on our sandals for a longer march. It was a false alarm. The imitation Paradise which South Australia has tried to make is not so much to be despised. It is in part a land of corn and oil and wine, and this part is slowly but persistently encroaching upon the barren land where people as yet "gamble with God."

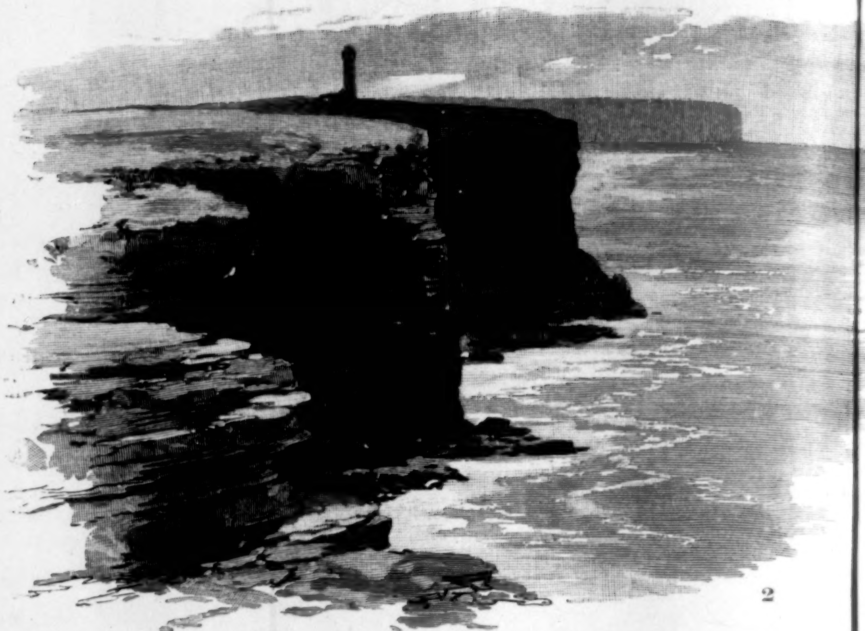
Sweet vineyards hide away in the valleys, olives cover the uplands, great tracts are given up to wheat-growing, the cattle and sheep are on many hills, and the products are kept within the primitive boundaries, the paradisiacal and patriarchal limits. As for the self-sustenance of the South Australian farmer, let a South Australian manager of a splendid stock farm testify. He, pointing to a house as we drove through an Arcadian district, said: "If you go in there you will find Chicago canned meats, California canned fruits, New England dried apples, and Michigan bacon." It is a touch of the sun that makes the difference between the farmer of the northern hemisphere and of the southern hemisphere.

But with what joy do we leave that bitter core of the land over which we have wandered, to raise the eyes on this so sweet, so goodly an expanse. No longer the "dumb despondent plain heaped with jawbones of a people," but benignant hills of glowing verdancy and gracious valleys, with numberless tender groves. Down there, in what might be the happy valleys of the Vision of Mirza, stand, straight and tall, the cypress, the oak, the gray poplar, the sugar-gum, the tamarisk, the walnut, the Cyprus and the Aleppo pine, the catalpa, the sycamore and the white acacia, the lofty Bhotan pine, the flame-tree, and the laburnum, and the place is called Bundaleer. Twelve years ago it was a waste, arid and uninteresting. That it has a hint of Paradise about it is because it is a Forest Conservation Reserve. It is one of a large number of such reserves, in which, since 1878, have been grown 10,000,000 of trees by planting and by natural regeneration, and what was once so dreary a vista is now a laughing land.

In Australia a forest of sugar-gums will grow in ten years, but this is only a few hundreds of miles from the coast, in a region adapted for agriculture, and with a rainfall regular enough to make farming possible. On this great hem of the garment of South Australia the earth blossoms indeed. A summer land glowing always, always bright, and having the feeling of southern California, and in winter of southern France; but unlike France, here no women or children work in the fields nor aid in the culture of the olive or the grape—not in this democratic land. They sit at the doors where the mulga throws its doubtful shade, or go the little round of household duties, but the juice of the grape and the oil of the olive is never upon their hands, save when they are German women; then the case is different. And yet poverty and distress stand far off from this people. They prosper in the midst of the corn and the oil and the wine.

Christmas Day on the Snowy River. We are a score of miles from where New South Wales and Victoria join. All day the thermometer registers 100° in the shade, but it is moonlight now. A yellow harvest-moon gleaming upon a prospect of pastoral prosperity. There is the cry of the curlew in the willows, the challenge of the laughing-jackass in the golden wattles, the rustle of the iguana in the ferns, and the ceaseless clack of the crickets. Orion stands in silver majesty where the sun takes rest at noon, and the Southern Cross wheels on the horizon's edge. To right, to left, in front, as one faces the east, are the homes of plenty. Turn round. Look westward. A mass of gloom meets one. Raise the head. See the white helmet poised between earth and heaven! That is the peak of Mount Kosciusko; that is Australia's one mountain. For on all that continent a man can rise but 7000 feet, and there he must pause. Solitary is this mountain among Australian hills. It is the chiefest, and it stands alone. None other would reach to its shoulders. It only gleams in a ceaseless snow.

It is morning on Mount Kosciusko. The traveller stands in the midst of the monarch's snowy bowlders. Now turn round the circle of the horizon. East, west, north, and south is a region of growth and plenty. One scans great plateaus where cattle feed; one looks upon a land where agriculture and pastoral pursuits and dairying fatten to success. This region in the east knows nothing of the tribu-



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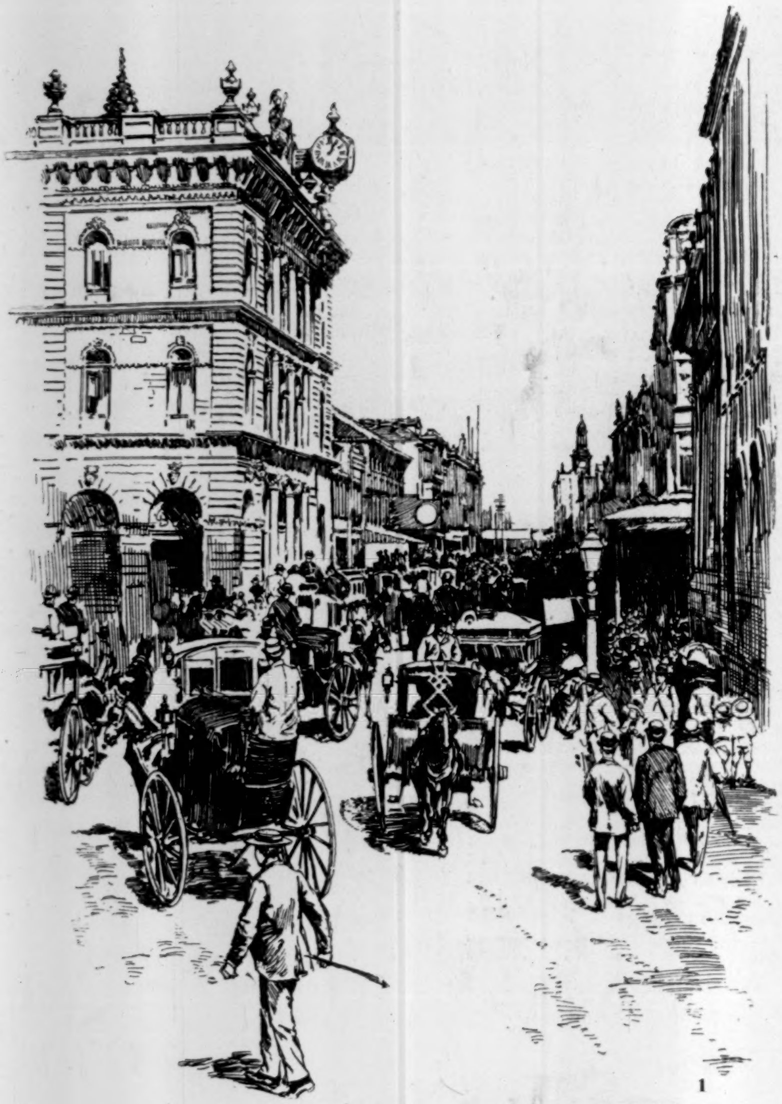

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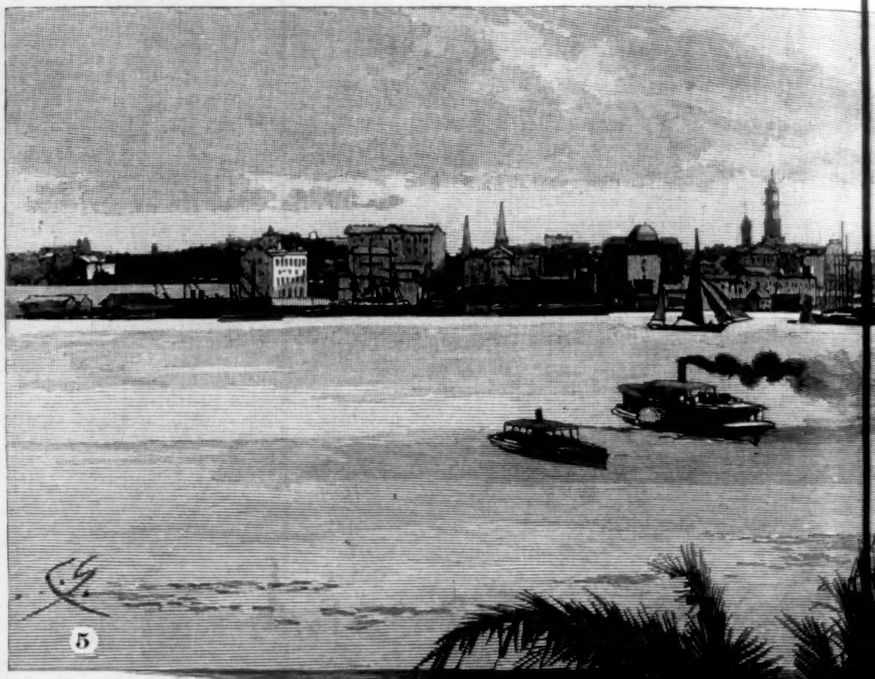

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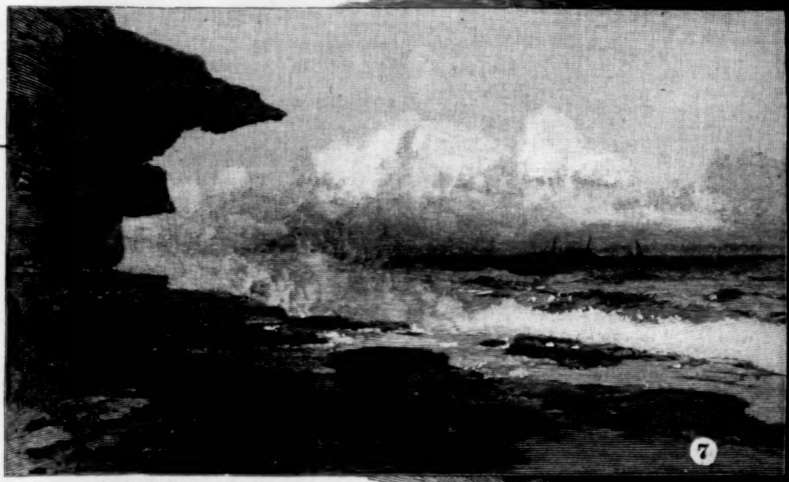

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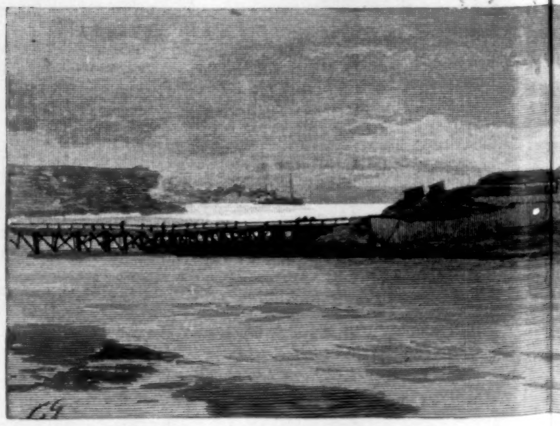

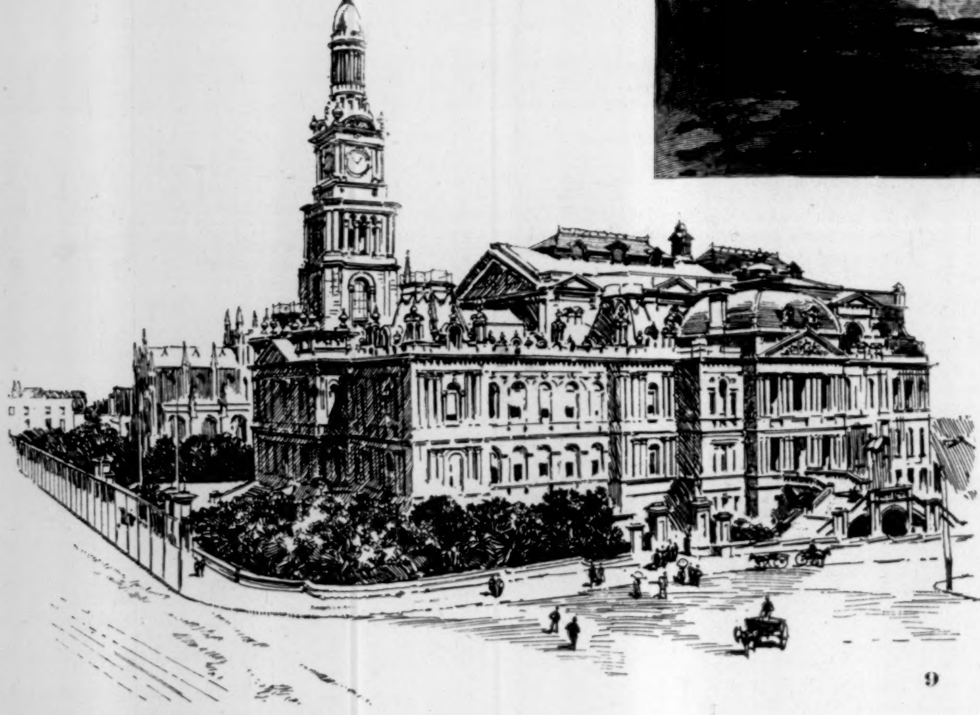

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VIEWS OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Dr

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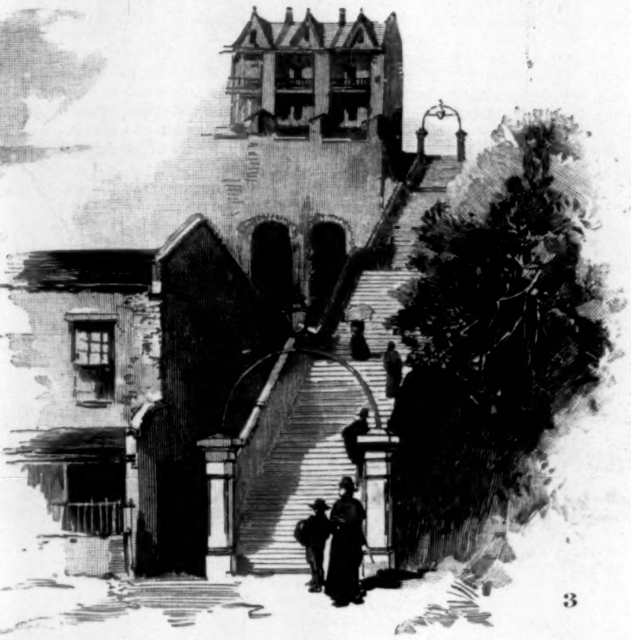

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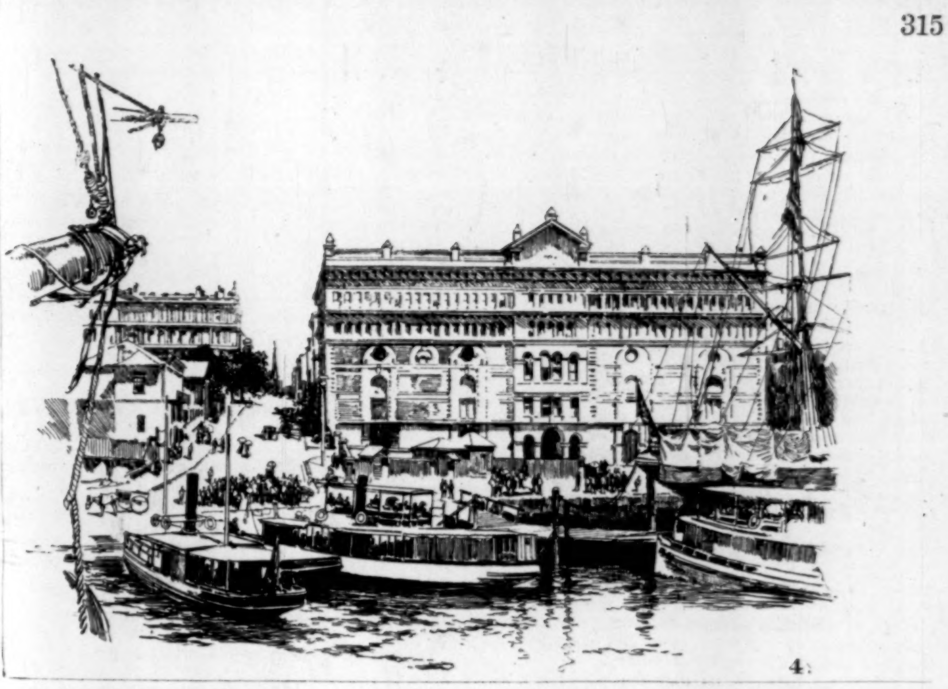

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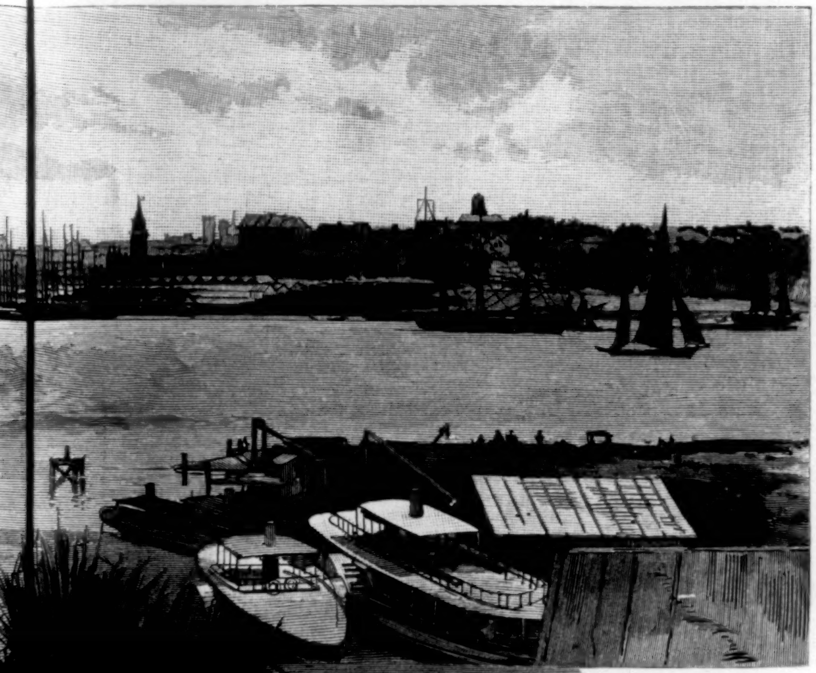

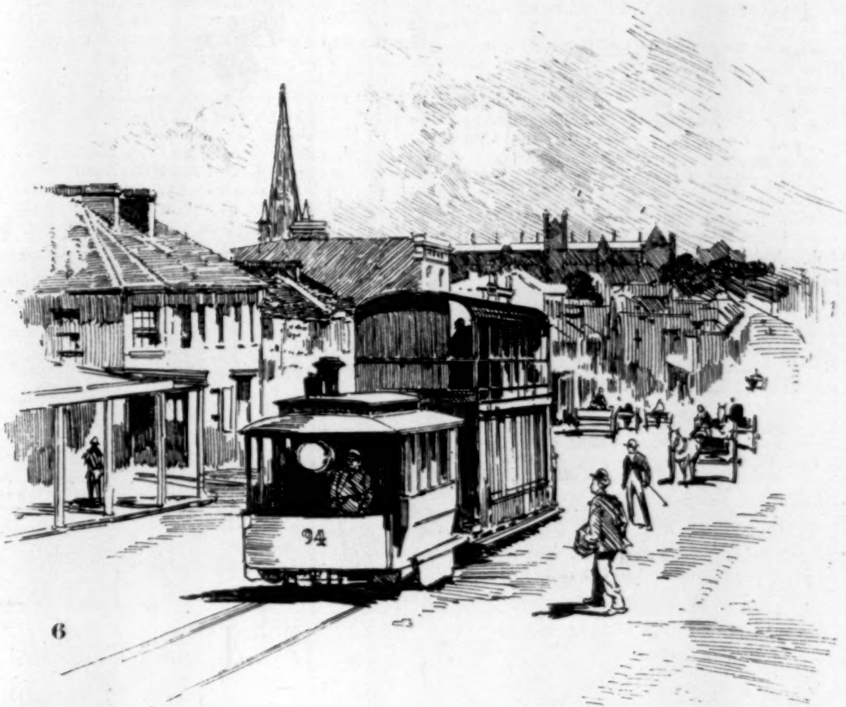

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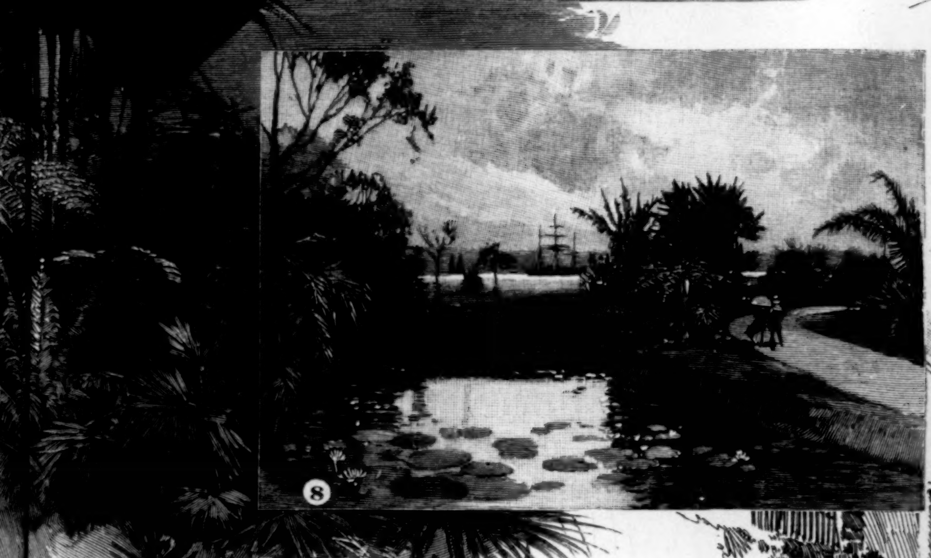

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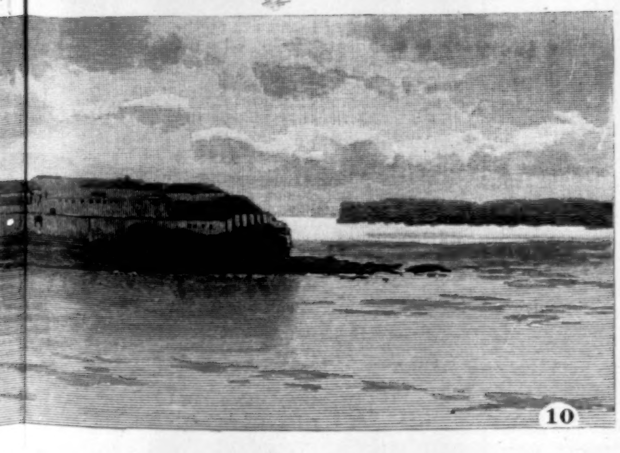

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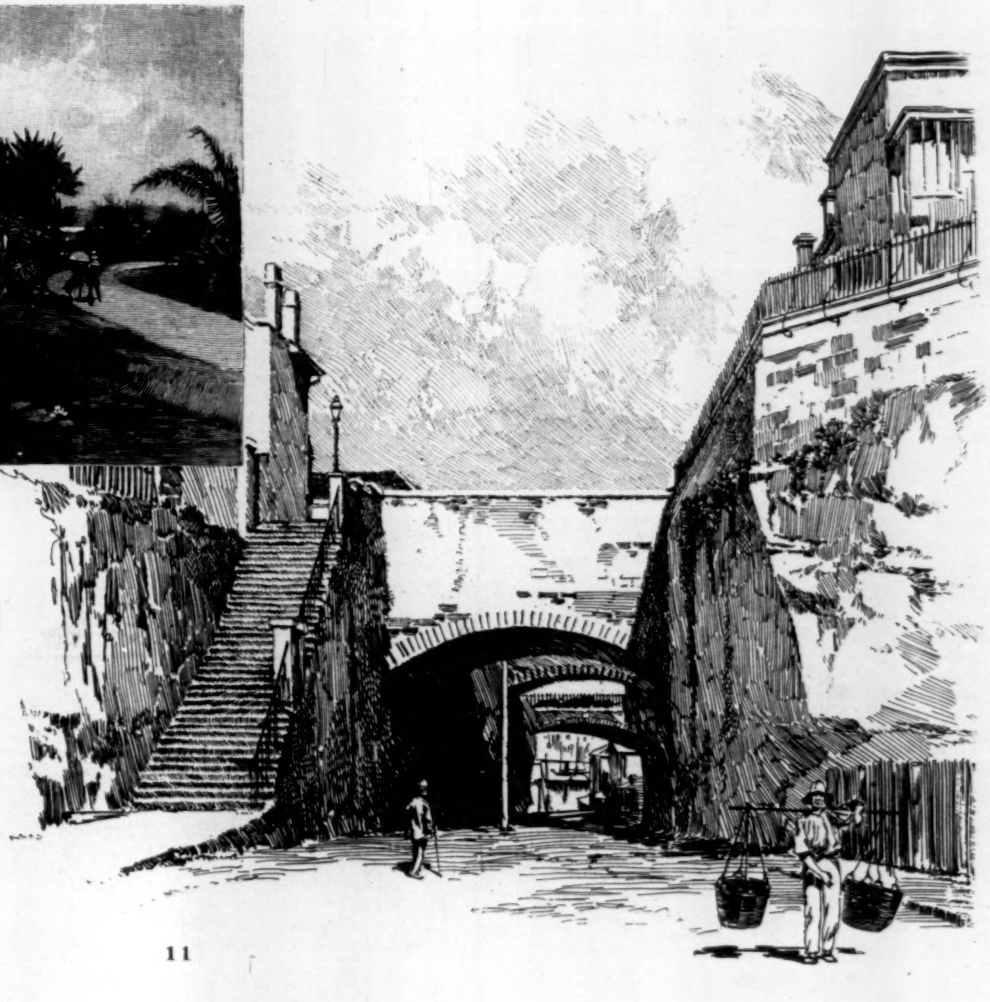

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Drawn by Charles Graham from Photographs.

d Upper George Street. 7. Bondi (from the Painting by F. B. Schell, at the National Gallery). 8. Botanical Gardens. 9. Town Hall. 10. Botany Heads. 11. Argyle Cut.